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### THE DIVINE INFLUENCE.

THERE are two ways of contemplating religious duty. There is a human and a divine side of life. Our hearts are reached by two methods of instruction. The mind grows from itself, and is inspired from above. Laboriously we gather in the treasures of knowledge. Spontaneously, too, truth flashes on the soul. We can see how a certain fact of history has taken its place in our memory: we have learned it by diligent study. But, again, we cannot see how another mental result has been attained: we came to it in a moment, without any conscious effort of our own. In every experience, there are these two forms of spiritual activity, one that we can explain and trace along step by step; another that is quite mysterious, and seems to be marked by no successive periods of time. One point of duty we have carefully considered and fixed by the exercise of reason and conscience. Another point of even higher duty has become as firmly and clearly established, we know not how or when. Now we acquire a truth by the slow and tedious process of learning; again we arrive at a truth by the instant action of feeling. Sometimes we know what is right by reasoning, and sometimes without any reasoning at all.

Any conclusions that we reach through study, or by the balan-

cing of different arguments, may be doubted, or even disproved; but instantaneous, moral decisions, springing mysteriously from our own quick interior consciousness, assume supreme and absolute authority that forbids all question. Without in the least dishonoring laborious study or devout meditation; without taking away one motive from toil or prayer; without furnishing the smallt excuse for a man to relax in his moral efforts; without doing any of these. - we should never cease to recognize and exalt the office of inspiration, the soul's spontaneous action, or the agency of God's spirit, in the work of redemption and sanctification. stead of prescribing rules of human conduct, and pointing out what we can and ought to do, let us look upon the other and divine side of things, to intimate the higher law, and what God does for our religious advancement. We speak of nothing unreal or visionary when we refer to the divine action upon our souls. every human fact in our experience there is a corresponding divine fact. The true heart learns as much from heaven as it learns from earth. To our consciousness, we are quite as much beings of the invisible as we are of the visible world. We see the physical form, the limbs and features of the body, but not the thoughts and affections of the soul. But are not our unseen qualities quite as real as the seen? Spiritual development depends in some degree upon our own toil and thought; but, in a higher degree, it depends upon the inspiration of God. It is true that the spirit of humanity ever struggles upward: it is also true that the spirit of God's grace ever descends upon us. The very highest sentiment and emotion ever communicated to our interior life, we instinctively refer to God. More truly can we say God works for us, than that we work for ourselves. There is not a more vital or practical doctrine of pure religion. The theory of human development does not account for a spiritual mind, for a serene faith, like that which filled the heart of Jesus. A doctrine of divine influence, of a Holy Spirit, proves the possibility of religion, of the soul's communion with Heaven. We have power to make ourselves just, upright, moral; but we grow into the calmness of faith only when we surrender ourselves, when we lean back on God, when we feel lost in him.

We need this doctrine. No man, however prosperous, but sometimes is strongly impressed with a sense of his own inability and weakness. Who has not felt that he could contend no longer in a

race where he never yet had won a prize, and where were so many arms stronger than his own? Have we not all said, "Unless God works for us, our working is vain"? Man wants help: he cannot strive long without it; he cannot keep a strong heart without it. He was made for labor, for sacrifice, for endurance; but as truly was he made to be helped in all these conditions. Man would lose heart and strength, in his perpetual and often fruitless striving, if the eye of God were not turned in compassion upon him: if there were hereafter no recompense of fruition. Let me know that my nature is becoming disciplined; that, if I gain nothing outward, I am growing spiritually; if my goods are not increasing, that my soul expands; let me feel that God watches my efforts, and will not allow me to suffer final loss, — then I cannot sink under any disappointment; through all trials and failures, I can keep my courage and faith. Let me know that what I am unable to find out in my most diligent searching is not therefore to remain for ever a mystery, but that God may reveal it to me in some high moment of life; let me know that what I have never succeeded in working out, what I have always been seeking, and never been able to accomplish, may yet, through divine aid, be given into my hands in some unexpected hour; let me know and feel that I am to receive help when all my own strivings are vain, - then, as my trust in God can never leave me, so my courage can never fail. I shall believe that what I truly want, and am unable to secure by my own strength, will yet come to me as an immediate gift from Heaven.

Again: thus it is that we gain a new motive in life, and a strictly religious motive. Considerations drawn from self-improvement never fully satisfy the heart. There is a joy in the right exercise of our human faculties. There is a dignified happiness in the feeling that we have, at any time, done our best. It is lawful to contemplate with satisfaction treasures of wealth or learning which we have earned. Whatever we have acquired by hearty labor, it is right for us to enjoy. But no man ever drew his highest satisfaction from his own successes. The motive that gives the greatest peace of mind must lie outside of ourselves; and, the farther we carry that motive from self, the truer and deeper is our inward joy. In every highest experience of life, whether it be in happiness or in suffering, we need a point of support from beyond and above the world. I believe that God gives directly all our best

thoughts; and our best conclusions about right and duty are not studied and reasoned out, but are formed in a moment, and discerned intuitively: they are the result of divine inspiration. It is the only religious view of things thus to refer our greatest blessings to God; to find a motive for obedience, far beyond ourselves, in the faith that we are seen and loved of God; that we are helped in our trials; that there can be an inward compensation for every outward loss: that we can be inspired with the truth which is past our own finding out.

After seeing that we need something more than a doctrine of self-development; that we also need a motive beyond ourselves, let us look for the evidences of the Divine Spirit in our human life. What is the highest fact made known by experience and history? Is it not the dealing of Providence with man? Is it not the manifest overruling of God in the affairs of the world? Is it not the assertion, from time to time, of an invisible Power in the midst of our earthly life? Who has not felt an influence over his own heart which he could not account for, and against which it was vain to contend? Who has not seen the interposition of a divine hand arresting and giving a new direction to the established current of events? God perpetually descends upon man by the action of his spirit. He comes down upon nature, and typifies, in the beautiful objects of this world, something of the glory that invests his invisible kingdom. More immediately and fully he comes down upon the soul, and awakens within us all our deepest affections, all our heavenward aspirings. see that God rules in the affairs of men; that, in the course of ages, his will is manifested; and out of earthly chaos he brings a providential order. If there is any thing certain in the conduct of human affairs, it is that man is not sovereign, but subject. We cannot do as we will, but as we must. There are laws which the strongest mind must obey; there are natural and moral conditions of being which no mortal arm can set aside or resist. We daily encounter forces which sweep on like the course of destiny, and bear us along like atoms in their resistless current. In the presence of certain great laws of the universe, - like gravitation in the natural kingdom, and duty in the moral, - it is foolish, as well as vain, to set up our own wishes and our own power. When we talk of our freedom and independence, let us not forget our accountability to God. Man is a subject. It is

not the least of the divine commandments which bids us yield to a higher Power.

The best philosophy which the world knew, before the era of Christianity, recognized a descent of the Divinity on man and nature. Socrates did not attribute his wisdom solely to the action and attainment of his own mind. He asserted no theory of self-education. The light that shone within him was reflected from a brighter Sun. He possessed a reverential genius; and though he saw "as through a glass, darkly," he knew that a Power was guiding him greater than himself; that he was but reporting the truth which mysteriously was revealed to his inward consciousness. He nowhere tells us that his philosophy was evolved out of his own mind; that he worked it out by the independent force of his own mental reflection; that it came to him in the natural process of education: but he assumes a loftier and truer position, and says that it was inspired; that he drew it down from heaven. Hence this system has always been distinguished from every other of the ancient world. Everywhere it has been called, from its moral superiority and its religious character, the divine philosophy.

How manifestly God comes down and vindicates his authority among the nations! It is only a little while that a people can prosper in their sins. Rulers may govern with extremest caution: they cannot prevent or postpone the divine retribution. Time brings a necessity, before which all human expedients fail; and the nation that has done iniquity reaps her reward. Nothing could avert the decline and fall of the Roman empire, when vice had consumed the national honor. As often as the Jews forgot or forsook their God, they were taken into exile or subjugated by the surrounding people. Solid walls and gates of brass cannot intrench a city when the bulwarks of public virtue have been thrown down. How continually we learn to distrust our own wisdom and our own power! How we are driven to acknowledge an overruling Providence! What consternation was felt when George Canning, the greatest acknowledged statesman of his age, passed away in death! The fortunes and the glory of England seemed to lie in his hands; to depend on his single life. Yet, when he was stricken down in all the plenitude of his power, the Ship of State rode on as proudly and as safe as while his great wisdom controlled her destinies. God still sat on the throne of

his invisible kingdom, Guide and Ruler of all the nations. Not one of the divine laws is suspended in the course of human revolutions, when individuals disappear, and strong arms are laid helpless in the dust. We are none of us so important as we often suppose in our particular spheres. God can spare us from our places; and he summons the great man away, to prove his presence in every scene here below; to show us that he bows his heavens, and comes down into all our earthly seats of power.

But the most signal illustration of our doctrine is God's manifestation in Christ. In order to lift up and redeem the human, Jesus exemplifies the descent of the divine. As a chief motive for man's obedience, he presents the condescension of God. This is the only vital idea contained in the popular doctrine of atonement. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself." It is a universal truth expressed in these words, not a dogma of theology. The Divinity ever seeks to come into communion with humanity. More affectionately God looks down on us than we look up to him. Our highest aspiration is infinitely outmeasured by God's greater condescension. Long before we seek him, before our hearts cry out for him, he seeks us. The paternal yearning related in Christ's parable of the prodigal is a type of the heavenly Father. While afar off, he beholds us, and hastens forth to meet us, to gather us in his arms, to feed our starving souls, and to put on us the best robe. It is one great purpose of Christ in the gospel to make real this doctrine, to bring it home to our hearts. He would make us feel that we are not alone; that the Father is with us. Our own strength is not all our dependdence: we may look for something more sure and stable than that. Infinitely more may be done for us than we are able, through any possibility, to do for ourselves. The disciple of Christianity is a being of faith. While walking firm on the earth, he wears the heavenward look; and his presence blesses the earth, because he holds perpetual communion with Heaven.

In our poor human meddling, we want to be explicit, and map out the exact paths by which the Holy Spirit descends upon man. Certain theologies have attempted to do this work, and have given us theories and systems which purport to exhaust and comprehend all the infinite ways of God, but which often only darken and obstruct our way. The Divine Providence is not so easily reduced to rules of mathematical precision. We do

not know how the will of Heaven is communicated even to our own minds; much less do we know how that will is made known to other minds. We are different notes in the universal harmony; and the Being who made us knows how to strike every one, and awaken all the music there is within our individual souls. We know of but a single law that meets us here: it is, that God answers our many and ever-varying needs. He knows what every soul wants; and he knows the way to every human heart. If we look to him in perfect trust, he will come to us: he will give a right answer to every right prayer. Theology too often represents the Deity as inflexible, acting through arbitrary channels; but no greater misrepresentation can be made of the universal The glory of divine laws is their infinite variety. They suit all conditions and all men. God, as he comes to us in Christ, is symbolized by the course of the free winds, blowing where they The Spirit cometh and goeth; and we know not whence, we know not whither. Is it not enough that we have the knowledge of this divine influx, without irreverently seeking its hidden way? When will theology learn to acquiesce in the divine wisdom, and let God keep his own counsels? My belief is simple and positive. God visits my heart; he speaks to my wants; he answers my prayers. I am willing to leave the way to himself. I rejoice that a wisdom higher than mine points out a sure medium between my spirit and his. God does indeed come down to us: he comes in Christ. The evangelists speak of Jesus as "the new and living way." They say, God was in him; he gave to him the divine spirit without measure; he made him "the way, the truth, and the life."

God compassionates and visits every human soul. Infinite are the ways by which he comes, — as infinite as his providence is varied. Mercifully suited to every heart is the ministry of God's spirit. The reverent listening soul hears divine melodies borne on the soft breath of morning, and on this still autumnal air. It hears them in the first awaking of thought and affection, in the sigh of kindling aspiration, in every impulse to penitence and prayer. Thus God comes to us in the "still small voice." Let us receive him, and open to him our hearts. If we reject his gentle admonitions, hereafter he will come to us in the storm, when the heavens and the earth shall flee away.

Finally, with what comforting assurance does this doctrine of

the descent and presence of God on earth come home to every weary, struggling spirit! It comes to us with healing and strength; it inspires courage when our burden is heavy; it gives us light when our way is dark; it inspires new hope when our heart is failing; it lifts up the bowed form of sorrow, and returns beauty for ashes; it kindles the eye with immortal light when the things of time are fading for ever; it makes all things brighter when sun and stars withdraw their shining; it melts off from the soul the frost of death, which freezes the body into lifeless silence.

In all the range of human thought, what is there greater that I can know or desire than this, — that God visits me? Wherever I go, on every way of trial or duty, beside the still waters or up the steep ascents, I meet an invisible Presence, I am led by an invisible hand. In the hour of peril, when heart and strength fail, I am conscious of affectionate ministrations; of a low voice whispering to my spirit in tones of more than human love, and imparting to me more than human aid.

In view of such a truth as this, what reason can you give for spiritual doubt or fear? Why are you not strong and hopeful in all conditions, even in times of great spiritual trial? Why dread the changes incident to mortality? Why look into the

grave with a sorrow that refuses to be comforted?

God has come down to us in Christ, seeking to reconcile us all unto himself? He only waits for the willing mind and the open heart. Whenever a single duty, a single command, is presented to our consciences, and we feel ourselves unable to perform the duty, to obey the command, then let us pray to Him who is able to do all things. Then we shall surely receive all needed strength; then God will come down, and do for us more than we can ask, or even think.

D. C.

## THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF SELF-CULTURE.

CHRISTIANITY revolutionizes human thought, as well as regenerates human life. It not only contradicts man's first impressions and hasty conclusions, but it also sets aside many established maxims framed by his highest wisdom. Proposing to the world

a new and diviner aim, appealing to new and peculiar motives, it must advance a new philosophy of life and action, which may clash at every point with human opinions. It is a moral necessity, indeed, that the wisdom of God should often seem foolishness to man, and that the wisdom of man should be foolishness with God.

Perhaps this contradiction can nowhere be more clearly seen than in respect to theories of self-culture. The Christian law of culture seems paradoxical and contradictory at its first annunciation. It arraigns the fundamental principle which is involved in much of man's deliberate thought. Instead of enjoining men to fix their attention upon themselves, in order to secure their true and noblest progress, Jesus says, with a godlike simplicity, "He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Man is not to concentrate his thoughts upon himself, when he wishes to develop his own highest powers. He must learn to forget himself, in devotion to noble ends. He accomplishes most for himself when he labors for something which is beyond and above himself. When he thus loses his life in such sublime devotion, he finds it in its truest form and in its highest glory.

But, though the Christian law of culture seem paradoxical at first, a little reflection shows that it is inwrought into the structure of the soul. What illustrations of its truth crowd upon the mind! Take the instance of a man who becomes inspired by the purpose of accomplishing the deliverance of an oppressed nation, or of performing some divine work of Christian benevo-Patriotism or philanthropy calls him away from himself, and concentrates every faculty upon the end which he serves. The grandeur of the work calls forth and develops every spiritual energy. The mind is strengthened amidst plans of action that task the utmost power of thought. The heart is enlarged by the enthusiasm which enkindles its purest fires. The five talents become ten through this steadfast devotedness. And thus patriotism, by its self-denving labors, develops the greatness of a Washington; and philanthropy, by its still holier strife and through its bloodless victories, creates a Howard or an Oberlin, or those brother-apostles of Christian charity, whose names are stars of light in the dark records of a selfish world. Men who have thus forgotten themselves in their service of a

noble or philanthropic cause, men who have thus been willing to lose their own lives in their singleness of heart, have found their life in the highest, divinest meaning of that word.

How royally one of the glorious company of the apostles presents himself to view, as an illustration of this position! Turn to Paul, who is not unfitly called the great apostle; a man who will yet be acknowledged to be as remarkable for his intellectual power, as for his services to the infant church. What motive stimulated him to put forth such intellectual strength, and to undertake such gigantic labors? It was simple enthusiasm for the name of Christ. Christ and his cross filled all his heart. For that he was ready to live or to die. And the Christian law of selfimprovement was gloriously fulfilled in his career. Through his labors for the divine ends, which it was his joy to serve, he achieved his own enduring greatness. In his willingness to lose his life, he found it, and became exalted to one of those moral thrones, upon which Jesus said that his true apostles should sit, indissolubly linked with the Lord himself in the reverential memory of all Christian generations.

The principle is sustained and verified in every form of appli-Not only in self-denying labors for noble ends, but in every aspiration for wisdom and life, man always needs to look out of himself to something which is far greater and higher than himself. He must flood his life with a life which is more divine than his; he must drink from a fount of purer inspiration than ever wells up within his own breast. It is not the proud attempts of self-culture, but the lowly aspirations of prostrate faith, that help him to grow and live. He will do very little by looking in upon his own confused thought, and attempting to convert his ignorance into wisdom, and his weakness into strength. There is a truer, a diviner process. Let him look away from his own darkness to those great lights of truth which God has placed in the firmament to guide his often wandering children. Let him look to that wondrous star which the wise men followed. Faith, when it looks up to the providential teachers of the race, and brings the human mind into communion with a higher wisdom, develops its power. The voice of those providential teachers not only declares truths above man's unaided thought, but calls forth his energies to a true resurrection and a godlike life. While he listens to them in meek discipleship, he grows and lives. When

he is fully baptized into this lowly faith, the fulness of their spirit

descends and rests upon his head.

There is a peril in the phrases "self-culture" and "selfreliance," as they have often been used. They may at least misstate, or partially conceal, the true doctrine, even when they do not involve a positive error. Indeed, they sometimes seem, and are sometimes meant, to imply, that man is really sufficient to himself, without the aid of the divinest teachers of the race. Deep down in his own breast are the mines of divinity and truth; and he only needs to cultivate his own powers with genuine fidelity, and to pierce the depths of his own nature, in order to bring forth these hidden treasures in their perfect beauty. It is a strange position for a dependent child. If it should be fully developed, it would not only set aside the ministry of the providential teachers of the race, but also of all nobler minds. Then these erring men, these often wandering sheep, would follow neither any human nor divine shepherd, but stumble amid the dark mountains which they have often mistaken for the heavenly hills.

No such theory of humanity or of its education can bear the test of life. Even the analogies of nature proclaim a different faith. The myriad plants which adorn the earth, and make it a garden of God, are not brought forth by their own inherent life alone. Nature presents no anomaly of self-development. The light and heat descend upon vale and hill, as a quickening power from heaven. The teeming plants drink in the influences from heaven and earth through their ten thousand pores, and thus put on their hues of beauty and bring forth their abundant fruits. Man, notwithstanding his lofty powers, like the lowliest plant, cannot live to himself alone. What created existence can be sufficient to itself? Man is not to stand up in the position of self-reliance, but to bow down in the prostration of prayer, until the influences from above revive his soul as the sunlight revives the plants. He is not to live in any dream of self-reliance which involves the fancy of his own sufficiency, but to seek the inspiration which divinely instructed minds may pour into his soul. The dews of that grace will be like the dews which bless and adorn a thousand hills. Man cannot be his own teacher, his own saviour. He needs a Teacher and a Saviour greater than himself to unfold his own divinely given powers. When he follows the true shepherds sent to guide his steps, when he loses his own life in following the voice with which they call him forward, then he finds his life exalted, transfigured by a heavenly

power.

Faith in a wisdom higher than our own is the grand step to the attainment of truth and light. The losing of our life in devotion to noble ends is the way to find it. Every form of selfforgetfulness, indeed every degree of self-sacrifice, begins to robe man with true nobility. The rude devotion of the vassal to his chief, in barbarous days, had a moral beauty. The clansman was fired by generous enthusiasm for his chieftain's cause. He rushed to battle or to death to defend his sovereign's rights or to build up his power. Self was forgotten in this consecration to the service of one who was deemed so much nobler than himself. Even the ages of tumult and blood were gilded by the heroism, the magnanimity, the many nobler qualities, which this self-sacrifice produced. It is a blessed Providence, indeed, which has called forth the purest feelings, though in the rudest form, even under institutions of barbarism and cruelty, and thrown rays of light over periods which would have otherwise been sadly dark. The benighted slave, almost crushed beneath his bonds, may learn to make his master's cause his own, in his affectionate devotion, until feelings of honor, of self-sacrifice, of brave fidelity. which are kindred to all that is great on earth or pure in heaven. dignify his heart. Devotion to something out of itself, the spirit which will toil or die for that, always invests the soul with moral grandeur. When it abdicates every thing in its devotion, it receives its noblest crown. What a cloud of witnesses would be gathered to give their testimony, if we could bring at once before the mind all whom loyalty to a chief or devotion to native land have made noble and heroic; all whom the love of science, reverence for knowledge, have animated to enthusiastic, tireless studies, which developed their own powers, while they pursued with single heart the treasures of truth which had won their love; all whom compassion for human griefs or sins has nerved to Christlike labors, which, while they blessed the world, filled their own souls with the life of the angels of God! No man ever failed to find his life when he threw himself into his work for noble ends. Amid the simplest scenes of common duty, in the history of apostolic toils, in daily action, in intellectual research,

in philanthropic labors, the devotion that is willing to lose its life always finds it. Even in mean, unworthy pursuits, self-devotion is the parent of energy. When man reaches after the prize which is far above him, wings are put upon his feet. But devotion to nobler aims brings pure life, enduring glory. Not self-culture, but faith, — faith, with the devotion which it for evermore inspires, — is the true, the divine method of life and

progress.

How perfectly in harmony with the fixed law of spiritual growth is that great ministry of the life and cross of Jesus! It is easy to see, from this point of view, how essential it is to human progress as well as to human redemption, and how it becomes light and life to believing souls. It comprehends at once the object to which faith is to cling, and the end for which devotion is to toil. Consider how divinely, in both respects, it meets the wants and unfolds the life of men. Man, as has been already said, cannot find the wisdom which he requires by searching into his own thought. All the rays which beam out from his own spirit will never constitute the sun of righteousness. He must bring himself into communion with a far higher life, and "place himself in the bosom of a divine culture." Faith in Jesus, when it is true and deep, surrenders the soul to him, and opens all the doors of the heart to receive his spirit. The highest, divinest life of which man dreams, in his aspirations of "self-culture," is there embodied in its spotless purity. If he simply lose his life in that diviner life, he ascends to the highest life which the soul has capacity to gain. Why will not man look there in fixed, self-forgetting, adoring faith? As the soul of the mother flows into the being of her child while it lies in the bosom of home, and looks up to her face with yet undiminished trust; so the soul of Jesus flows into the being of the lowly, trusting disciple. Why will not man turn to the fount of living waters? Then he will not only gain refreshment while he drinks of their diviner streams, but they will become in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Faith in Jesus brings the wisdom which we seek and need. To lose our life in his diviner life is to find it.

Here, too, is the end which devotion is to serve. The true principle of allegiance to Jesus is the principle of all genuine heroism. It is the same principle which has led men out of vol. XVI.

themselves, and accomplished the noblest things in human history, manifested in its purest form. Its simplest movements in the heart awaken the elements of all that is heroic. It tells man, that when he seems to serve himself, to labor for personal and immediate ends in the deepest motives of his action, he must be serving Christ and God. It crucifies the promptings of selfish passion in devotion to the cause of truth and righteousness. calls forth all the devotion which the clansman once vielded to his chief, - in itself so beautiful and noble, - and hallows and deepens and glorifies it, until it is transfigured into the love which a sinful man should yield to his Redeemer. Has not this principle of discipleship inspired the hearts which it filled and ruled with heroism and life? Look at those who have manifested its power in self-denying devotion to the truth, in sacrifices and martyrdoms, for the cause of Christ. Look at those who have cast their lives, their all, into great enterprises of charity and righteousness. Look at the great host of unconspicuous spirits that make the interests of the truth of God the chief concern of life, and who only need to have the fires of trial kindled round them to reveal a faith as true, a devotion as unconquerable, as that which adorned Christianity's heroic ages. When the spirit of self-consecration to Christ and to his cross enters the soul, man becomes a new creature; new, diviner impulses animate his heart: a fire of enthusiasm, not kindled by his own efforts alone. but lighted by a spark from heaven, and fanned by breathings from above, burns within his breast. He loses his own life, and finds the life of God.

How natural are the exclamations of gratitude and love which adoring disciples have brought in every age, — that gold and frankincense and myrrh of believing hearts, — and laid at the feet of the Redeemer! They did not stop to philosophize in their gushing love; but they knew that they found their life when they lost their life in his. At his word, their palsied limbs found strength to walk. Touched by his hand, the scales fell from their blinded eyes. Inspired by his power, their weakness became strong to conquer. When they leaned upon their Master's breast, they felt the incoming of the Master's soul. When they looked up to their Master's cross with penitent spirit and with flowing tears, the life which they lived was no more their own, but the life of the Son of God, manifested in duties and in toils, in strug-

gles and in victories. And therefore have they circled round Bethlehem and Calvary, age after age, to cast all their crowns at the Saviour's feet, and to raise on earth the perpetual chant of heaven, — "Blessing and honor to the Lamb that was slain!"

The subject opens broad and attractive realms of thought, which we have no space to explore. If man gains his best life in labors for objects above and beyond himself; if devotion to others, to the world, re-acts upon his own spirit to increase its energy and power, — then the true interests of all are in perfect harmony. Then we may hope for a day, though distant now, yet sure to come, in which the world shall see, that, when he blesses others, man most surely blesses himself, and that mutual helpfulness is the eternal law of true self-culture; then we may hope for a day in which men shall realize that the law of Heaven, where each pure spirit finds new life and progress in perpetual ministries of love, is the only law for intelligent beings everywhere; and then the heaven on earth which the gospel predicts, and must ultimately bring, will begin to bless the world's waiting eyes.

We recur to our present single line of thought. The Christian law of self-culture falls from the lips of Jesus in most distinct and in divinest tones. Man never puts on his true glory until he clings with unreserved allegiance to the providential teachers of the race. In this deep yet intelligible meaning of the words, he must clothe himself with the mind, the righteousness, of Christ, in order to make himself a son of God. Let him put away his misguiding self-reliance, and only rely upon the incarnate truth from heaven. Let him put away every scheme of self-culture which conflicts with this lowly, childlike faith. Faith, bringing man into communion with diviner things as he soars upward to realms of higher truth and life; faith, revealing heavenly visions to his adoring, aspiring heart; faith, looking above his own feebleness, and opening all the gates of the soul to let the Son of God enter in, — this is true self-culture; the best

How weak, yet how divine, is man! Measured by his physical strength, he is like a bubble upon the wave, which a breath may break. The slightest cause may send him down to his grave, and the insect which he despises lay him low in the dust. Measured by his own unaided wisdom, he seems the victim of error and

development, the eternal redemption, of his moral nature.

mistake. The endless catalogue of baseless philosophies, and worse than baseless theories, should humble every assumption of intellectual pride. But, regarded according to the majesty of the truth and life which faith may bring into his lowly yet mounting soul, he becomes a temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The summit of bodily strength is quickly gained. The silvery hairs speedily come, - the heralds of rapidly advancing age, and thenceforth the years are a descending march into the valley of the shadow of death. But the silvery hairs mark the period also, when, under the guidance of the truth of Jesus, - resisting temptation as he resisted in the wilderness, crucifying self as he crucified himself on the height of Calvary, - man may fathom the deeps of the divinest life. Then the downward march into the valley of shadows is a continual ascension towards the mount of God. Then the spiritual glories brighten as the body decays; and the fading countenance, which turns its dimmed eyes upon the surrounding world and the faces of the loved, but looks upward still, in clinging, self-renouncing faith, is transfigured in our sight by the rays that stream down upon it from the excellent glory.

G. W. B.

## LANGHORNE'S PRAYER.

[Richard Langhorne was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution, he wrote the following remarkable poem, — a poem it must be called, although it is not in verse.]

Ir is told me I must die.

Oh happy news!

Be glad, O my soul!

And rejoice in Jesus, the Saviour.

If he intended thy perdition,

Would he have laid down his life for thee?

Would he have called thee with so much love,

And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit?

Would he have given thee his cross,

And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die.

Oh happy news!

Come on, my dearest soul!

Behold! thy Jesus calls thee.

He prayed for thee upon his cross:

There he extended his arms to receive thee;

There he bowed down his head to kiss thee;

There he opened his heart to give thee entrance;

There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die.

Oh, what happiness!

I am going

To the place of my rest;

To the land of the living;

To the haven of security;

To the kingdom of peace;

To the palace of my God;

To the nuptials of the Lamb;

To sit at the table of my King;

To feed on the bread of angels;

To see what no eye hath seen;

To hear what no ear hath heard;

To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O thou best of all fathers!

Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children.
I was lost, but, by thy mercy, found;
I was dead, but, by thy grace, am now raised again;
I was gone astray after vanity,
But I am now ready to appear before thee.
O my father!

Come now in mercy, and receive thy child:
Give him thy kiss of peace;
Remit unto him all his sins;
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe;

#### WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH, to whom the fundamental principles of Protestantism owe their ablest vindication, and the science of logic its model of reasoning, was born in October, 1602, in the city of Oxford; so that "by the benefit of his birth," as quaint old Fuller says, "he fell from the lap of his mother into the armes of the Muses." He was born a few months before the death of Queen Elizabeth deprived the Anglican Church of its strongest Her rigorous persecution of all Dissenters and Catholies had left no room for free discussion, and had apparently given the Established Church complete control, not only of the civil power, but of the religious opinions, of England. But, when the queen's personal sway was ended, another proof was given of the truth, which dominant parties are so slow to recognize, that persecution cannot destroy opinions, but only strengthens and fosters them in secret, to burst forth, sooner or later, more elastic for their previous depression, with their sincerity and power attested by the sufferings and prowess of martyrs.

In the early years, indeed, of James's reign, there was very little relaxation of the penalties visited upon the Catholics, in consequence of the bitterness and terror which the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot had produced; but, later, James's own aversion to sanguinary persecution, and his love of controversy by pamphlets, combined, with the general weariness of so much cruelty and treachery, as a forced conformity inevitably causes, to make the laws against the Catholics, to a great extent, inoperative. Probably, also, the warfare between the church and Puritanism, which was then preparing for its culmination in the revolution, served to mitigate the expression of the popular hate for Popery; and the treaties in progress about the same time for the marriage of Prince Henry and the Infanta of Spain, and afterwards for the marriage of Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria of France, with their conditions for the toleration of English Catholics, were well known throughout the realm, and inspired the Catholics with new hopes and vigor, and made more visible the re-action from the long persecution. From the ashes of Campian, the leading Jesuit martyr of Elizabeth's reign, there seemed to spring an army of priests and confessors. Private chapels multiplied; Catholic books were openly sold and read; and all the cunning logic of Romanism had practically free permission to convince and convert,—a permission which the Jesuits did not hesitate to use to the utmost. With a shrewdness and adroitness which have always characterized that wily order, they made no great public demonstration, but directed their main efforts upon the schools and colleges. They knew that the young were both more likely than the old to be persuaded out of a theological road before long usage had worn deep ruts, and to be willing to help in overthrowing the Established Church, and re-instating the Romish hierarchy; and so they were content to wait patiently, even till another generation, for the fruits of their work to be harvested.

The university at Oxford was the favorite object of these sly seductions of the Jesuits; and many of her sons found, what some of them have found so late as the nineteenth century, that the road from Anglican Oxford to Papal Rome is easy and short. In these times, Chillingworth was a member of Trinity College, where he passed for a young man of genius, particularly as a polemical wrangler; though the range of his studies was by no means narrow, as he was also both a mathematician and a poet. He hated Popery with all the earnestness of an impassioned disputant, investing it with all real and imaginary horrors as Satan's chief device against the church of Christ. When he was elected Fellow of his college in 1628, Charles I. had been three years on the English throne; and the influence of Queen Henrietta had made the Catholics still more secure and bold, and prepared the way for the later conspiracy to reconcile and re-unite the English Church and the Roman. And still greater efforts were made to strengthen the Catholic ranks by the conversion of distinguished and able Protestants. The celebrated Jesuit John Fisher, who was the strongest man of the order in England, was set to watch and work at Oxford. He sought and gained the acquaintance of Chillingworth, and discussed with him the points of their theological difference. The latter, like many persons since, whose hereditary creed has not been tried in the furnace of personal doubt, rested his belief on arguments not merely weak, but really making for the other side. He defended Protestantism on the grounds of tradition and universal consent, and so played into the hands of his adversary; so that the Jesuit mastered the

Protestant, and finally persuaded him to renounce his religion and country, to resign his Fellowship, and retire to Douay, in order to prepare himself for the priesthood.

He remained at Douay about three months, most of which time he was engaged in a friendly correspondence with Laud on the respective merits of the two systems. At the end of that time, either because the secret and practical workings of Jesuitism repelled him, or because a re-examination of his position convinced him that his decision had been too hasty, he became dissatisfied with his position, and went back to Oxford in 1631. There, in "the freer air of Protestantism," he gave himself to a protracted and anxious investigation of the points in dispute; studying authorities, and arguing with the learned men of both persuasions. The result was that he made an open and final declaration for Protestantism.

This oscillation from side to side, and his ultimate resting in the faith of the Established Church, gave Chillingworth at once a conspicuous position in the estimation of both parties. The Protestants regarded him as the providential vindicator of their principles, who would add to the precision of his logic the more potent influence of a personal experience of both religions. The Catholics regarded him as a recreant traitor, and therefore a fair mark for any archery, open or covert; so that he was often called upon to answer both fair arguments and personal abuse. And when, after a discharge of pamphlets between a Jesuit named Edward Knott, and Dr. Potter, Provost of Queen's College, the latter was decidedly worsted, Chillingworth was looked upon as the fittest person to regain the lost ground, and rout the triumphant foes of Protestantism.

Accordingly, in 1635, he retired to the seat of his friend Lord Falkland, in Oxfordshire, where he had the help of that nobleman's brilliant coterie of friends, his choice library, and suggestive conversation. The last was no trifling consideration, if we may judge by Anthony Wood's statement, that "it was the current opinion of the university, that Chillingworth and Lucius Lord Falkland had such extraordinary clear reason, that, if the Great Turk or Devil were to be converted, they were able to do it." There he composed the work which has immortalized him as the most expert logician in the English language, — "The Religion of the Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation;" a book which Lord

Mansfield pronounced "a perfect model of argumentation;" which induced Archbishop Tillotson to call its author "the incomparable Chillingworth, the glory of his age and nation;" and which Locke says "will teach both perspicuity and the way of right reasoning better than any book, and will therefore well deserve to be read over and over again." His opponent was a consummate logician; and his task was no child's play. Probably the leading arguments of Catholicism have never been more strongly put than by the Jesuits in the controversy of that age. The book was published in 1638, after having passed under the revising care of three famous divines, who admired the power as much as they feared the legitimate conclusion of his arguments, and who came near suppressing the whole book, on account of what they were pleased to call its "poisonous sting of Socinianism, and its tendency in some places to plain infidelity and atheism." Chillingworth first gives entire his opponent's chapters in numbered paragraphs, and then his own answer, as if he were not afraid to let men see both the fairness and the force of his rejoinders. It is, of course, impossible to give any abstract of a work which is a succession of compactly united syllogisms. It is probably very little read at this day, when "hard" reading is not popular with publishers or purchasers. It is not a book which one would take up for excitement: if he did, he would soon lay it down for slumber. In fact, it is undeniably tedious, as Euclid would be to most minds. His style is not imaginative or classical: but, as Mr. Hallam says, it has "much of a nervous energy that rises into eloquence; " and through it there shines the charm of a strong conviction, and a scrupulous love of truth.

That the book answered its purpose, and made the pungency of its probing felt, may be inferred from the angry and abusive reply it called forth from Chillingworth's antagonist, who styles "The Religion of Protestants" "a most contemning, disdaining, proud, bitter, and even bloody, wail of answering"! It seems, at first thought, a very singular fact, that this great work in defence of Protestantism was received with secret distrust, and "damned with faint praise" by the Episcopalians, and with open hostility and vulgar abuse by the Puritans. But a moment's consideration of all the principles it advocates will dispel the wonder; for Chillingworth urged, with a fearless power, not only the great Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, but its

correlative and complement, - that "the errors of conscientious men do not forfeit the favor of God." And, first of all, he insisted on the Bible as the only rule of faith. At that time, the principles for which the reformers had contended had gradually fallen into disuse in the Anglican Church; and her advocates rested her authority on tradition chiefly, and of course, on that ground, were at the mercy of the Jesuits. They were as bitter against dissent as the Romanists were against heresy. They, in fact, limited the independency of private opinion with the proviso, that all private opinions should coincide with the church's. It distressed the prelates that Chillingworth should prove that proviso as insolent as a Papal bull, and display them as making themselves little popes. It was a dangerous heresy to inculcate, that a man was responsible for his opinions only to himself and to his God; and so Dr. Prideaux was "very sorry the young man hath given cause why a more watchful eye should be kept over him and his writings." The Puritans were violent in their aversion to Chillingworth and his book, because he endeavored to give man's reason authority in judging of the meaning of Scripture; and they branded him as a Socinian, - a word that, even in this age, is apt to be attached to men who, as Archbishop Tillotson says, "attempt to make Christian religion reasonable, and to discover those firm and solid foundations upon which our faith is founded." But, as that same prelate observes, "if this be Socinianism, - for a man to inquire into the grounds and reasons of Christian religion, and to endeavor to give a satisfactory account why he believes it, - I know of no way but that all considerate, inquisitive men, that are above fancy and enthusiasm, must be either Socinians or Atheists."

Soon after the publication of his great work, Chillingworth received the chancellorship of the "church in Sarum" (i.e. Salisbury), — a parish that Mr. Coventry Patmore has recently made familiar to us, — and retained it till his death. The circumstances connected with this honor are curious and instructive. No ecclesiastical preferment could be received without a "subscription to the Articles." \* But Mr. Chillingworth could not

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Subscribing to the Articles" meant a great deal more than merely expressing a belief in the "Thirty-nine Articles of Religion," as will be seen by a quotation from a canon published in 1604. "No person shall hereafter be received into the ministry,... except he shall first subscribe to these three articles following:...

1. That the king's majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm,

assent to all which that act implied. Though urged by his friends, and by the example of others, who made no scruple of a "mental reservation," he resolutely refused to declare that he believed to be true and lawful what he really considered false and unlawful: giving up worldly advantage for his conscience. His chief objection to the subscription required was, that acknowledging the "Book of Common Prayer" to contain nothing contrary to the word of God implied assent to the terrible damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, which proclaim, that, unless a man keep that exposition of the faith "whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly;" a creed of which it has been well said, that, "in its primary principles, it consists of two parts, - of doctrines and of curses: the first are not intelligible, the last are." Another objection of Chillingworth to the subscription was founded in the "answer of the people" to the fourth commandment, - "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," - which he thought implied the continued existence and binding force of the Jewish sabbath. His conclusion not to subscribe the Articles was reached after long deliberation, at one period of which he had nearly made up his mind that it was right to subscribe. At last, he wrote a letter to his friend Dr. Sheldon, announcing his decision. From that letter we extract some of the more remarkable passages: -

"I do here send you news, as unto my best friend, of a great and happy victory, which at length, with extreme difficulty, I have scarcely obtained over the only enemy that can hurt me; that is, myself.... I am at length firmly and unmovably resolved, if I can have no preferment without subscription, that I neither can nor will have any. For this resolution I have but one reason, against a thousand temptations to the contrary; but it is one great one, against which, if all the little reasons in the world were put in the balance, they would be lighter than vanity. In brief,

<sup>....</sup> as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal....

2. That the 'Book of Common Prayer'.... containeth in it nothing contrary to the word of God, and that it may lawfully be used; and that he himself will use the form in the said book prescribed in public prayer and administration of the sacraments, and none other. 3. That he alloweth the book of Articles of Religion; ... and that he acknowledgeth all and every the articles therein contained, being in number nine and thirty, besides the ratification, to be agreeable to the word of God." And the form of subscription was, "I, A B, do willingly and ex animo subscribe to these three articles above mentioned, and to all things that are contained in them."

this it is: As long as I keep that modest and humble assurance of God's love and favor which I now enjoy, and wherein I hope I shall be daily more and more confirmed, so long, in despite of all the world, I may and shall and will be happy; but if-I once lose this, though all the world should conspire to make me happy, I shall and must be extremely miserable. Now, this inestimable jewel, if I subscribe without such a declaration as will make the subscription no subscription, I shall wittingly and willingly and deliberately throw away. . . . The case stands so with me; and I can see no remedy but for ever it will do so, that, if I subscribe, I subscribe my own damnation. For though I do verily believe the church of England a true member of the church; that she wants nothing necessary to salvation, and holds nothing repugnant to it; and had thought that to think so had sufficiently qualified me for a subscription, - yet now I plainly see, if I will not juggle with my conscience and play with God Almighty, I must forbear.

"I shall not need to entreat you not to be offended with me for this my most honest and (as I verily believe) most wise resolution; hoping rather you will do your endeavor that I may neither be honest at so dear a rate as the loss of preferment, nor buy preferment at so much dearer rate, - the loss of honesty. I think myself happy that it pleased God, when I was resolved to venture upon a subscription without full assurance of the lawfulness of it, to cast in my way two unexpected impediments, to divert me from accomplishing my resolution. For I profess unto you, since I entertained it, I have never enjoyed quiet day nor night till now that I have rid myself of it again; and I plainly perceive, that if I had swallowed this pill, howsoever gilded over with glosses and reservations, and wrapped up in conserves of good intentions and purposes, yet it would never have agreed nor staid with me; but I should have cast it up again, and with it wha ever preferment I should have gained with it as the wage unrighteousness.

"I thank God I am now so resolved, that I will never do that while I am living and in good health which I would not do if I were dying; and this I am sure I would not do. I would never do any thing for preferment which I would not do but for preferment; and this I am sure I should not do. I will never so undervalue the happiness which God's love brings to me with it as to put it to the least adventure in the world for the gaining of any worldly happiness. I remember very well, Seek ye first the

kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added unto you; and therefore, whenever I make such a preposterous choice, I will give you leave to think I am out of my wits, or do not believe in God, or at least am so unreasonable as to do a thing in hope I shall be sorry for it afterwards, and wish it undone."

Brave and noble words are these, more worthy of immortality than the logic of his subtlest arguments. But there is a sequel which we are sorry to remember. Three years later, he was made Chancellor of Salisbury, and subscribed to the Articles. Chillingworth's whole life forbids any other supposition than that he was as honest in his last decision as in his first, and that he walked only in the way of his convictions. The ground of his act was the opinion that the church of England did not require that the Articles should be subscribed as Articles of Belief and Assent, but only as Articles of Peace and Union,\*—a mode of construction, which, to a man of the world, would seem sly and dishonest; but so many divines of great reputation and high position have approved it by their example, that one cannot but hope, for the fair fame of the church, that their spiritual discernment of truth is purer and sharper than that of the world at large.

Meantime the condition of the kingdom was ripening for the civil war. And in all the contests between the Commons and the king, the end of which he did not live to see, Chillingworth was resolutely, both by his zeal for the church and his loyalty to the sovereign, on the side of Charles; and both before and after the open rupture, in the various convocations of which he was member, and in his pulpit, he attacked Presbyterianism and the rebellion with all the weight of his logic, made more effective by the sharpness of his feelings. Consequently he was not looked upon with favor by the parliamentary party, who were violently

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Some have thought that they are only Articles of Union and Peace; that they are a standard of doctrine not to be contradicted or disputed; that the sons of the church are only bound to acquiesce silently in them; and that the subscription to them only amounts to a general compromise upon those Articles, that so there be no disputing nor wrangling about them. By this means, they reckon, that, though a man should differ in his opinion from that which appears to be the clear sense of any of the Articles, yet he may with a good conscience subscribe them, if the article appears to him to be of such a nature, that, though he thinks it wrong, yet it seems not to be of that consequence but that it may be borne with and not contradicted." — Burnet's Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles.

opposed to ministers meddling with politics on the side of the king, though they welcomed a political sermon on their side; an easy rule for testing the true preaching of the gospel, which is sometimes adopted even in the nineteenth century. pening to be with the royal army when it was besieging Gloucester, then in the possession of the Commons, Chillingworth proved himself of practical as well as logical skill, by inventing and making engines (somewhat like the Roman testudines cum pluteis) to help in the assault. Unfortunately for his military reputation, the arrival of the Earl of Essex to aid the besieged compelled the army to retreat, before his engines had proved as formidable to the walls of Presbyterians as his book had been to the doctrines of Jesuits. The only result was that Chillingworth gained in the opposing army the title of the "queen's arch-engineer and grand intelligencer." His warlike exploits afterwards were limited to the writing and publishing of controversial tracts, though he continued with the royal army; and, in 1644, he was taken prisoner at the recapture of Arundel Castle, where he had taken refuge on account of illness. Thence he was removed to Chichester, where, under the combined effects of his disease, and of the relentless though well-meaning petty persecutions of Francis Cheynell, a Presbyterian minister of the parliamentary army, he died in the episcopal palace, in January, 1644.

Shortly afterwards, Cheynell published an account of Chillingworth's last sickness, entitled "Chillingworthi Novissima;" a book in many ways as remarkable as it now is rare. At one time it displays the most intolerant bigotry; at another, the warmest admiration. It shows the author at one time pestering the dying man with captious metaphysical and political questions; at another, bestowing upon him the kindest attentions. Cheynell, as one of the leading divines of the Presbyterian ranks, had had previous controversies with Chillingworth, and knew the man he had to deal with. He was a good specimen of a class of men very numerous in the stirring times of the Revolution, — kind-hearted, sincere, devout, but harsh in their judgments, narrow in their ideas of tolerance, and fierce in advocating their opinions; fiery men, who sometimes warmed, but generally burned, those who touched them. Some of Cheynell's remarks are worth quoting

with reference to Chillingworth.

"I entreated him to pluck up his spirits, and not to yield to his disease: but I perceived, that though reason be stout when it encounters with faith, yet reason is not so valiant when it is to encounter with affliction; and I cannot but observe that many a Parliament soldier hath been more cheerful in a prison than this discoursing engineer and learned captive in a palace.

"Upon further discourse, he told me that he observed a great deal of piety in the commanders and soldiers of the Parliament's army. 'I confess,' saith he, 'their discourse and behavior doth speak them Christians; but I can find little of God or godliness in our men: they will not seek God whilst they are in their bravery, nor trust him when they are in distress. . . . . Sir, I must acknowledge, that I do verily believe that the intentions of the Parliament are better than the intentions of the Court, or of that army which I have followed: but I conceive that the Parliament takes a wrong course to prosecute and accomplish their good intentions; for war is not the way of Jesus Christ.'

"When I found him pretty hearty one day, I desired him to tell me whether he conceived that a man living and dying a Turk, Papist, or Socinian, could be saved. All the answer that I could gain from him was, that he did not absolve them, and would not

condemn them.

"Not long after, I told him that I did use to pray for him in private, and asked him whether it was his desire that I should pray for him in public. He answered, yes, with all his heart; and he said withal, that he hoped he should fare the better for my prayers.

"Consider what it is worth to have a fortnight's space to repent in. Oh! what would Dives have proffered for such a mercy? If Mr. Chillingworth did not improve it, that was no fault of mine."

In whatever light these extracts may place Cheynell, they certainly show Chillingworth to be a gentle, generous, candid, and much-enduring man. It is not strange, that, away from his friends, subjected to the worry of such teasing, his spirits, and finally his life, gave way. Cheynell refused to give his opponent Christian burial, but suffered his friends to perform the last offices for him; thinking that, "as devout Stephen was carried to his burial by devout men, so it is just and equal that malignants should carry malignants to their grave." He made up for refusing to bury his opponent, by burying his book! He met the friends at the grave with a copy of Chillingworth's "mortal book," and made a

funeral speech over it, which we copy as a singular specimen of elaborate bigotry: —

"Brethren, it was the earnest desire of that eminent scholar, whose body lies here before you, that his corpse might be interred according to the rites and customs approved in the English Liturgy, and in most places of the kingdom heretofore received; but his second request (in case that were denied him) was that he might be buried in this city, after such a manner as might be obtained in these times of unhappy difference and bloody wars. His first request is denied for many reasons, of which you may be ignorant. It is too well known that he was once a professed Papist and a grand seducer: he perverted divers persons of considerable rank and quality; and I have good cause to believe, that his return to England, commonly called his conversion, was but a false and pretended conversion. And, for my own part, I am fully convinced that he did not live or die a genuine son of the church of England. I retain the usual phrase, that you may know what I mean. I mean, he was not of that faith or religion which is established by law in England. He hath left that phantasy, which he called his religion, upon record in this subtile book. He was not ashamed to print and publish this destructive tenet, 'that there is no necessity of church or Scripture to make men faithful men,' in the hundreth page of this unhappy book; and therefore I refuse to bury him myself. Yet let his friends and followers, who have attended his hearse to this Golgotha, know that they are permitted, out of mere humanity, to bury their dead out of our sight. If they please to undertake the burial of his corpse, I shall undertake to bury his errors, which are published in this so much-admired yet unworthy book; and happy would it be for this kingdom if this book and all its fellows could be so buried that they might never rise more, unless it were for a confutation; and happy would it have been for the author if he had repented of those errors, that they might never rise for his condemnation. Happy, thrice happy, will he be if his works do not follow him, - if they do never rise with him nor against him. Get thee gone, then, thou cursed book, which hast seduced so many precious souls! get thee gone, thou corrupt rotten book, - earth to earth, and dust to dust! get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou mayst rot with thy author, and see corruption! So much for the burial of his errors. Touching the burial of his corpse, I need say no more than this: It will be most proper for the men of his persuasion to

commit the body of their deceased friend, brother, master, to the dust; and it will be most proper for me to hearken to that counsel of my Saviour, 'Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.'"

And the worthy Cheynell went from the grave to the pulpit, and preached on that text to the congregation! He concludes his account, after bewailing the loss of Chillingworth's "strong parts," "eminent gifts," "learning and diligence," "acuteness and eloquence," in this strange manner:—

"Howle, ye firre-trees! for a cedar is fallen; lament, ye sophisters! for the master of sentences, (shall I say?) or fallacies, is vanished; wring your hands and beat your breasts, ye anti-Christian engineers! for your arch-engineer is dead, and all his engines buried with him. Ye daughters of Oxford! weep over Chillingworth; for he had a considerable and hopeful project how to clothe you and himself in scarlet and other delights. I am distressed for thee, my brother Chillingworth! (may his executrix\* say.) Very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of father, husband, brother. Oh, how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons - nay, engines - of war perished! Oh! tell it not in Gath, that he who raised a battery against the pope's chair, that he might place Reason in that chair instead of Antichrist, is dead and gone; publish it not in the streets of Askelon, that he who did at once batter Rome, and undermine England, the reforming church of England, that he might prevent a reformation, is dead; lest, if you publish it, you puzzle all the conclave, and put them to consider whether they should mourn or triumph."

It is not necessary to say much of Chillingworth as a writer. As a sermonizer, he shows most of his characteristics as a controvertist. His sermons are logical and simple, singularly free from a display of learning, sometimes full of pathos and eloquence. They force the reader to feel that the writer is in earnest; that he says what he means, and means what he says. He regards thoughts rather than expressions; the power of ideas, rather than the grace of language. He makes no pyrotechnic display of brilliant

The wit of this pleasantry is made apparent by the fact that the executrix was Chillingworth's sister.

with the vital meaning of his message. Nothing can keep him from saying what he believes it to be his duty to say. He spared none of the sins of his day or party, and even anticipated many of the social reforms of our time. In the sixth of his published sermons, there occurs a severe rebuke of the practice of duelling, which is a bold remonstrance against a vice upheld by the fashion and the authority of the times. It required almost as much courage to preach a sermon against duelling in the court of Charles, as it would require now to preach a sermon against slavery in Mobile. But Chillingworth did not ask his hearers for their ideas of "gospel-preaching." He probably thought with Jeremy Taylor, that "he who receives from his people what he shall teach them, is like a nurse that asks of her child what physic she shall give him."

But his sermons are few in number, and in interest and power are so much surpassed by those of other famous preachers of those times, that they are seldom read, except by professed students of old English literature. His fame as a writer must depend on the reputation of what Mr. Cheynell called his "mortal book," whose author is likely to be his only vehicle to immortal renown. And that book must be admired for its literary and moral worth. The more entirely the religious world rids itself of formalism and tradition, the more implicitly it bows to the authority of God's word, casting aside the commandments of men, the more honor it will pay to the man who first dared to carry out to their utmost meaning the first principles of Protestantism, and who first proclaimed with irresistible power the doctrine that lies at the foundation of all free thought and independent action in matters of religion, - "THE BIBLE, THE BIBLE ONLY, IS THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS."

The prominent characteristic of Chillingworth was the unquenchable love of truth, for truth's sake, which pervaded and determined both his intellectual and his moral character. He had those rare excellences, — the will to examine his positions by the best light; the ability to scrutinize all the phases of a subject with impartial justice; and the courage to abandon his most cherished opinions, if he found them false. Sincerity shone through all his conduct. He was not deterred from changes by the fear of being charged with inconsistency; thinking himself,

as he says in a letter to a friend, "no more to blame for all these changes than a traveller, who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city where he had never been, did yet mistake it, and after find his error, and amend it." He knew that progress is not identical with fickleness, nor conscientious inquiry with infidelity, nor the repudiation of false doctrines with blasphemy. He had, indeed, a restless mind; but it was the restlessness of the fountain troubled by the healing angel. His tendencies were to scepticism, but to the scepticism "which belong to a vigorous, not that which denotes a feeble, understanding." He doubted because of his scrupulous anxiety to discover the perfect truth, not because of a conceit that could brook no eternal facts. He doubted his own success in attaining to the highest truth, not the reality and power of that truth; as a great philosopher may question the ultimate proof of his theory of the universe, without ceasing to believe in the existence of the world that he lives in. His scepticism was the child of faith, not of pride: it was the parent of trust, not of despair.

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds."

Dark is the age that cannot tolerate such a doubt; unfortunate the system that stifles it: for, persecuted and repressed, it ends in a dreary denial of all that is most precious to the soul; or in a blind acquiescence in falsehood, which is drearier still. All honor to Chillingworth that he had the courage to question his hereditary belief, and the brain and the heart to grow out of his doubt into firmer convictions of truth and duty, all the more able thereby to answer other inquirers, and support others weak in the faith!

"They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think."

#### THE CHRYSALIS.

In the far Orient clime,

Where tropic gales breathe incense from the flowers,
And bright-hued birds flit through the leafy bowers

Through the long summer-time,
I see thee linger in thy distant straying,
Beneath the Eucalypti shade delaying,

To gather up for me
These silent messengers, who bring from thee
Thoughts never audible in voice or word,

But felt, although unheard,
Across the infinite, suggestive sea.

They tell me this from thee:
Thou knew'st the soul that looks with reverent eye
On the rich radiance of the sunset sky,
And there heaven's gates can see;
Thou knew'st that soul — itself a mystery,
Owning no key to its own history,
And, from the vast unknown
To the material turning for relief,
Sees mysteries written in a forest-leaf,
And hears them sighing in an ocean shell —
Would find in these, as well,
A lesson, though 'twere but half comprehended
Within these brown and curious folds, intended
Some wondrous truth to tell.

Would that our faith saw more!
Within these dry envelopes, fold on fold,
Strangely by stranger instinct close enrolled,
An airy form, to soar
On gorgeous wings, awaits its re-awaking,
When from its cerements in full glory breaking,
Wafted toward sunny skies,
In its new element it shall arise.
We see the life suspended and renewed,
But how, or wherefore, who hath understood?

They tell me more, dear heart!
There is a shadowy place, hallowed and lone,
Where low-voiced pines breathe their deep monotone,
Far from life's noise apart;
Maples their wreath of crimson and of gold
Lay down; and wild vines wreathe and fold
The sacred spot.
There thy lost treasures lie. They did but clasp

There thy lost treasures lie. They did but clasp Life's fragile flower, that withered in their grasp, And kept it not.

There is no sound of breath!

Shut eyes, and pulseless hands, and silent hearts,

And lips that give no kisses back. Oh! deep

The silence we call death:

The Master called it sleep!

Hath not the chrysalis to thy heart spoken

Even as it hath to mine,

And unto trembling faith given precious token

That these lost loves of thine,

When their time cometh, from their sleep shall wake,

Radiant in their new beauty, which shall take

No perishable form to fade again?

For, as the wavy grain

Hath more of beauty than the planted seed,

So shall the new-found life the old exceed.

Is it a mystery, strange?

Life, death, the resurrection, all are so,

But true in all their wonder. As we know,
God's love, that works each change,

And folds the oak-tree in the acorn-shell,
Makes life and beauty dwell

In the dry chrysalis; so do we know

Life from the dead, and joy from grief, shall flow.
"With the child it is well;"

For love in that new life shall find its own,
And what we know not be hereafter known.

# A WORD TO FAMILIES.

#### A SERMON BY REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

JOHN 1. 40-42: "One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias; which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus."

The scene which this language partially describes may be presented in a few words. Jesus is about to commence his active ministry. He has not yet numbered a single convert to his cause. John the Baptist is seen standing with two of his own disciples: they were Andrew, and probably John the evangelist. Looking upon Jesus as he walked, the Baptist exclaims to them, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Jesus, turning, perceives them following him, and asks them what they seek. They say, "Master, where dwellest thou?" And, when he invites them to come and see, they consent, and abide with him that day. Andrew looks for his brother Peter, and tells him that they have found the Christ. That brother he then conducts to Jesus, who, be holding him, says to him, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona. Thou shalt be called Cephas; which is, by interpretation, a stone."

How beautiful is the action of these two brothers! Andrew was a disciple of John the Baptist, and had probably heard not a little concerning the Messiah. As soon as Jesus is manifested to him, he follows him to his abode, and tarries there until faith is confirmed by personal knowledge. He has found the Christ. Governed by the strong natural affection that united him to his kindred, as well as by the powerful influence of Christian love, he desires his brother to share the same great blessing. He finds him, and brings him to Jesus. Peter makes no refusal. They both seek the Master. And these were the first disciples of the Teacher of men, and afterward were his apostles and the canonized saints of his church.

Is there not here given to Christians an example which should inspire them with a deeper interest in leading to Jesus, as Andrew did his brother, the unconverted members of their own household? Christ is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. He is one who speaks as never man spake. He is the bread from heaven. He is the good Shepherd. He is the

way, the truth, and the life. Is it not most fitting and most delightful that those who are united by the sacred ties of earthly relationship and love should lead each other to this source of ever-

lasting good ?

True it is that the visible Jesus walks not by us, nor dwells in houses made with hands. No longer is seen his earthly form; no more is heard his audible voice. He has passed into the heavens; and, however wistful our gaze, it cannot pierce the cloud which hath received him. Still is it possible for one to be guided to him, and accepted by him, as really and successfully as it was when he tabernacled in the flesh. He is as accessible now as then. In his living spirit, he still walks the world with benedictions for every Andrew's brother or sister who shall in sincerity and in truth believe that he is the Christ.

If we have regard for a moment to the history of Christian conversion, so far as we may have become acquainted with it, we shall be struck with the great variety of the means and methods by which persons have been drawn to Jesus. It is our purpose now, however, to inquire which of the more important of these instrumentalities shall they employ who desire to instil into the minds of those near and dear to them the truths of the gospel, and to influence them to the heavenly life. Three of these, which we would here mention as of great moment, are religious conver-

sation, a Christian example, and prayer.

I. To what extent, and in what manner, we should avail ourselves of the first of these for the object under consideration, is not, perhaps, clear. That this kind of intercourse should, however, be a means of spiritual improvement in the family, is undeniable; for scarce any thing does so much to determine human character as this constant interchange of the expressions of feeling, sentiment, and opinion, which is ever going on in the domestic sphere. It is a powerful agency which people wield, and cannot help wielding, in the social world. If it be not consecrated to the highest uses, it becomes a fruitful cause of evil. "Death and life," runs the proverb, "are in the power of the tongue." Unless Christ enter this domain, and give to what we say true elevation and sanctity, our conversation must necessarily degenerate in character, and become a savor of death unto death. So many are the words which we speak to each other; so deep are many of the impressions which they make on the mind; and

so faithfully does the soul gather up and cherish these symbols of the inward desires, purposes, hopes, thoughts, and convictions of those who are connected with it by the ties of consanguinity,—that we find the moral influence which has thus been exerted utterly incalculable. We infer, that, in the providence of God, this vast power was to be consecrated to the highest uses of man, as seen in his religious development, and the universal triumphs of Christianity; that is to say, family conversation should be a means of leading those who are not yet Christians to a knowledge of sacred truth, and to a joyful allegiance to the Master.

It must be admitted, upon due reflection, that there is need of much reform here. By common consent, Christianity, in respect to its vital, experimental claims, is generally banished from the range of social converse, even in Christian families. All things else — trade, politics, fashions, recreation, art, and literature — are freely introduced as topics of conversation, and no one presents any objection to them; but Christianity, the most important subject of all to every soul that lives, is as carefully excluded from our attention as though it were a source of contamination.

Think of this. We believe, we know, that we are immortal beings; that we are in a world of sin, suffering, and death; that, relying upon ourselves, we were undone; that, under these circumstances, God sends his Son to our relief; that in this celestial visitor we behold the divine perfections and glory; that we may make him the intimate friend and companion of our lives; that through him we may have victory over temptation, and salvation from sin; that just beyond us is an everlasting state of being, into whose untried experiences a single hour may introduce us; that, when that time arrives, the soul must be judged for the deeds done in the body, and must enter upon that sphere of blessedness or misery for which our earthly history has fitted us. This we know; and we know equally well that here is presented us a subject more important than any other which the mind can entertain. In comparison with it, all others are insignificant. This involves our happiness here, and our peace through eternity. It relates to life, to the soul, to God, to Christ, to our immortal destiny. And yet this is the theme which we most effectually shut out of our homes, and all allusions to which we most peremptorily cut off from their rightful association with the affairs of the world. Now, whatever other views we may hold concerning

the subject under consideration, this, I think, will be acknowledged a false and fearful state of social life.

Believing, then, that what concerns us all so deeply should be entitled to no inferior part in the familiar interviews and language of life, what should be the nature of that conversation by which our friends may most surely be brought into the heavenly fold?

Certainly great difficulties meet us in answering this question. The introduction of this subject among our families, as it is now generally practised, is not often successful. The reasons are Our religious talk is so apt to be infected by cant, that unconverted persons come to view with aversion the precepts or doctrines which it embodies. Then frequently the speaker will arrogate to himself such a superior sanctity of character, and imply such a spiritual poverty in the listener, that the prejudices of the latter are aroused, and the entrance of truth into the soul becomes impossible. Again: the time and place may be unwisely chosen; the change from a previous subject may be too abrupt; a due regard may not be had to the intellectual difficulties, the age, and the peculiar temptations, of those who are sought to be influenced; and, in manner and sentiment, we may be too affected, too dogmatic, too fanatical. And then the hearer so well understands all the little imperfections and peculiarities, and the whole personal history, of the relative who addresses him, that it is with great difficulty that he can listen candidly, even if he is well disposed to do so. He inwardly demands that one who presumes to speak of Christian duty and Christian hopes shall be free from all moral inconsistencies. That brother or sister, as the case may be, cannot, he thinks, be a Christian so long as that same old familiar exterior is unchanged. On the other hand, the speaker is embarrassed with the consciousness that he is reading "fatal interrogations" in the eyes of his auditor. With these obstacles in imparting and receiving a knowledge of the truth, the attempt is generally in vain, and the state of the case is, perhaps, worse than before.

It is doubtful, therefore, whether, under such circumstances, the more direct modes of address are, on the whole, useful. They are too apt to array the parties into an attitude of opposition, if I may so speak,—as saint and sinner, saved and lost. Much, however, it is believed, may be gained by more indirect processes. The subject should not be approached so often or so

boldly as to give needless offence. There are frequent occasions when a course of conversation on some other theme may, by judicious management, be made to run insensibly and naturally into a religious channel; and some one of the great duties of faith, trust, prayer, repentance, purity, or obedience, may be powerfully enforced upon the soul. Incidents are constantly occurring which seem to be of a trifling character, but which may yet suggest moral or spiritual truths, whose mere mention may secure for them a lodgment in the mind of the hearer. The person who would influence to a Christian life father or mother, husband or wife, brother or sister, son or daughter, must consent, moreover, to be placed upon the same level with the other, and prefer to be regarded as a seeker rather than as an adviser. You shall do more good by saying to your friend, "Let us both study the life, and imitate the example, of Jesus," than by saying, "Do as I have done, and you will be equally meritorious in the sight of God." Andrew did not find Peter, and bid him go and seek Jesus as he himself had done. He went with him: he was glad to go himself.

Care should be had that the whole conversational intercourse of life should be of such a character, that a sudden expression of thought or feeling may at no time seem forced or inharmonious. Whatever the subject which engages our minds, a refined, humane, Christian element should temper our views and our speech, not only that our conversation may be kept from any downward tendency, but that, if occasion should allow, it may take a higher ascent, loosing its connection with what is earthly, and finding a free and ample range in a realm that is purely spiritual and divine. In all that may be said, a just reverence should be observed for sacred things. Nothing should be uttered to undermine faith in human virtue or human nature, in moral principle, in immortality, in the retributive laws of God, in the revelation of Christ, in the church, and in the final and complete victory of the truth as it is

in Jesus.

Nor would we say that the more direct methods of awakening a religious interest should never be employed in the home. They should be. Nor is a more direct method, in all cases, inconsistent with that freedom from spiritual pride and extravagance which we would enjoin. To those of early years, the sweet lessons of Christian duty should be taught with that peculiar openness and

simplicity which children expect and require. And there are those who, more advanced in life, are in such moral peril, that only the most urgent appeals and solemn admonitions can suffice to startle them to a sense of their danger and duty. But, with persons of average character and ordinary discretion, the modes I

have designated would seem to be the most effectual.

More of this religious element must somehow find its way into our domestic conversation, if we would see in our families a more united interest in Christ as the Redeemer, and a common hope of salvation through him. And why should not parents and children talk as freely about these as about other things? Why deem them as something foreign from us, and as proper only for the pulpit on Sunday, when they involve the most stupendous interests of every soul? We like to speak of earthly friends: why not mention the heavenly? We talk much of temporal homes: why not of the eternal? We often allude to human governments, and our allegiance to them: why not refer to the divine government, and our obligations to that? We converse frequently about the coming years of the life that now is: why not cross the line in mind, as we shall soon do in reality, and dwell occasionally on the life that is to come? Truly there is something unnatural and painful in that condition of affairs which precludes such beautiful interchanges of Christian sentiment as such themes might occasion; and, were there a reform instituted in this regard, I am persuaded that a more marked Christian union might be observed among the members of families in our community.

II. It is not, however, so much by conversation that we shall be instrumental in leading each other to Christ, as by the example of holy living. Here is the great force by which the moral world is moved. Without it, Christian words are hypocritical and unavailing: with it, they are most potent, if not all-powerful. It is this which silences opposition, gives efficacy to instruction, wins the approval and admiration, and finally, with gentle but irresistible might, subdues the rebellious soul, and conducts it, a joyful captive, into the obedience of Christ. It has a voice more persuasive than any ever uttered by human lips. It is invested with an authority which is absolute. It is invulnerable to attack. It only shines more brightly when the world seeks most to quench its radiance. A holy life disarms criticism. Words

may give a false impression; they are required to conform to the canons of taste, and are ever subject to misunderstanding: but a pure heart, a humane purpose, a tender love, a sweet trust, a thirst for truth, an unshaken loyalty to the right, a cherished affection for Christ, and a desire to be like him, and to share the heavenly blessedness hereafter, — all ripening into lofty endeavors, unfailing patience, noble deeds, and beneficent victories, — defy the captious spirit, and compel the homage of the soul.

This force may have its centre of action in the humblest life. Within the circle of almost every one's relatives, some Christian man or woman shall be found, who is unable, perhaps, to wield the power of language, and too modest to become the spiritual adviser of friends, but who yet daily grows better in heart and life, walks more closely with God, and becomes more ripe for heaven, until the praise of this disciple is in all the churches. How forbearing amidst reproach! how every frown is answered with kindness! how quick to sympathize with every good cause! how watchful of opportunities for usefulness! how efficient in the support of every just enterprise! how conscientious in sustaining the public worship of God! how regular in attendance! how fervent in spirit and in prayer! how regardful of every privilege of knowing and serving more faithfully the Father in heaven! how devoted to the redemption of the world through Christ! Such a life, however it may for a time seem to have no visible influence, is yet a power in the world. It will eventually arrest the attention; it will soften the spirit of persecution; it will shame the unkind; it will lure the wayward; it will confirm the wavering faith. And this influence ceases not with life: it is a blessed memory. And every one who witnessed this example, as it was originally set to the world, will cherish it long after its first visible medium shall have perished for ever. In it others will see the surpassing loveliness and beauty of the Christian life; and though that disciple die, yet shall he speak. The recollection of those virtues and graces that adorned him shall be the most precious bequest he can leave to his survivors; and some near friend shall yet, through its attractive power, be drawn to the Saviour.

The Christian need not, indeed, be greatly troubled because by words he cannot lead to Jesus those whom God has made the objects of his special solicitude. If he would secure a firm hold upon them, and conduct them easily onward, let him look to his

own life. Let him see that there is no hinderance there. Let him be sure that there is no bad temper latent in his heart, no impurity, no vile ambition, no distaste for divine things, no indifference to holy ordinances, no unconcern for the moral destiny of the world. Let him be sure that he has a meek and lowly spirit, chaste affections, benevolent sympathies, a true zeal for God's worship, a sure evidence of the heavenly birth, and a tranquil and everlasting faith; and though he may be rude of speech, and may have but little of what the world calls wisdom, he shall not fail to kindle the celestial fires in souls now dark and cold.

III. There is one instrumentality more which remains to be mentioned. Our words with reference to it must be few, although its importance cannot be overstated. If we have faith in prayer; if we do not deem it to be an utter mockery; but if we believe that God will graciously fulfil his promises, and hear and answer every pure and fervent supplication, - then we may find in this devotional duty a peculiarly powerful means of the Christian conversion of our friends. For, if any thing which the lips of man can utter may prevail with God, surely it must be that petition which is rendered doubly sacred by the tenderness of earthly affection, and the immortal love of a redeemed and sanctified soul. This not only finds a ready access to the Father, and insures his direct, responsive gifts, but gains much also in its re-active effect upon the character: for no familiar observer of that transforming influence can long be ignorant of its cause; and, through the waning years of life, thoughts of those ascended intercessions shall not in vain visit the unregenerate soul, to make it dissatisfied with sin, to present it the most affecting motives to duty, and to incite it to find its enduring rest in the life which is "hid with Christ in God."

Finally, let there be a more absorbing interest, on the part of Christians, in causing all who are connected with them by kindred blood to know and enjoy the same blessings which they themselves have received. Let that interest be quickened by the momentous considerations that pertain to the future. What more thrilling prospect can animate Christian families, than that, when death has invaded their number, and the vicissitudes of earth have scattered them hither and thither over the tempestuous sea of life, they shall at length be re-assembled in unbroken circles in heaven? In faith we may there behold, even now, many such little companies,

brought up, it may be, out of great tribulation, and from distant wanderings, all now surrounding the central object, — which is Christ. It was by affectionate words, by faithful examples, and by holy prayers, that these homes of earth were transplanted entire in the better country. What an urgent duty this thought suggests! What a deep solemnity casts its shadow over the soul as it reflects upon the possibility there is, that, through our remissness here, some vacany there may sadden even the joys of immortality!

# THE CHILD-GUEST.

YE who like a simple story,
Like to hear of little children
Who still keep their native heaven
Round about them for our seeing,
For our seeing and our saving;
Who, with spirits mild and gentle,
Love the right, and seek to do it,
With a grace beyond our praising;

Ye who see divinest graces, See the image of the Father, In such little ones reflected, Shedding light in darkest places, Cheering those whose life is dreary, As at night the stars are shining:

Ye who hear, above the discord
And the din of worldly striving,
Those great words of Christ, the Master,
Uttered once in far Judea,
"Verily, I say unto you,
Who receiveth not God's kingdom
As a little child shall never
Pass within its golden portals;"

Ye who know and feel that often Little ones do soar the highest; Who believe, that, in the heavens, Upper seats for such are waiting;

Ye with unspoiled hearts and simple, — Ye will listen to my story. From a bright West-Indian island, When the pestilence was raging, Came a little child unto us, Sent across the sea for safety,—
Sent for refuge to our dwelling.

Cordial was the welcome given:
Home and hearts were open to her,
And we found her very lovely;
Found her spirit bright and gentle;
Found she came not unattended;
Found that, when she crossed our threshold,
Unseen angels entered with her.

Strange to her were all our customs,
And our speech to her was foreign;
But the angels stood beside her,
Close beside, and helped her ever.
So our ways were soon familiar;
And, in soft, melodious accent,
Soon she learned to lisp our language.

She at once our home adopted,
Took to her new life most kindly,
Learned to know our friends and neighbors,
Met them all with warm affection,
Stealing from their hearts a blessing,
And from all their homes a welcome.

While her mind was bright and active, Far beyond the years she numbered, Very childlike was her spirit; Very simple, sweet, and docile; Never wayward, never wilful, Never passionate or moody; But, with prompt and sweet obedience, Heeding every word of counsel. All our tender care she cancelled With her young heart's fresh affection; And, for smallest act of kindness, She returned, in accents touching, Thanks so sweet, that greatest favors Seemed unworthy of such blessing.

She was mild and pure and radiant, Like the sunshine always genial, Making human souls around her To unfold in heavenly blooming. Ere we knew it, ere we thought it, Her young life to ours was knitted. 'Twas our joy to see her happy; Our delight, her merry singing; And our rest was in her playing.

Now our home seems still and lonely;
For our sweet child-guest has vanished, —
Gone that little radiant presence!
Now we hear no merry singing;
No bright face is at the window;
No small feet now run to meet us.

Sadly was our farewell spoken; Sadly was our last kiss given: Clouds were in the place of sunshine, When our dear Camille departed. Never had our love been sounded Till the day that she departed.

Now she's out upon the ocean, To her native isle returning; And our hearts have followed after; Followed her with many a blessing; Followed her with fervent praying, And with love beyond our telling.

Holy Father! guard and bless her;
Go with her across the water;
Bear her to her home in safety.
More, O Father! we beseech thee,
Keep her on that greater voyage;
Lead her safe through all its perils;
By thine own right hand, oh! lead her,
When the voyage at length is ended,
To a home within thy heavens:
There, O Father! may we meet her,
And go out no more for ever!

Now of all that radiant presence Nought is left within our dwelling, Save a memory sweet and sacred; Nought is left of all the singing, Save an echo faint and fainter. May that memory and that echo Dwell within our home, and bless it!

### "THE COMMUNION OF LABOR." \*

A SINGLE stray copy of this most interesting little lecture has wandered to us almost by accident across the Atlantic. A part of it was delivered by the writer last summer, at the house of one of her friends, before a large and cultivated audience in London. It is written with little apparent effort at eloquence or brilliancy, but with an earnestness that seems to come from the heart, and that ought to go to it. We can hardly undertake to give a complete abstract of a performance in which there are almost as many ideas as sentences, and those somewhat immethodically arranged; but we shall be glad to do what we can, by furnishing our readers with a brief account of it, and with as many extracts from it as our limited space permits, to share with them the pleasure which we have derived from it, and to call their serious attention to the subjects of which it treats.

Mrs. Jameson takes for her text the questions: "Whether a more enlarged sphere of social work may not be allowed to woman, in perfect accordance with the truest feminine instincts? Whether there be not a possibility of her sharing practically in the responsibilities of social as well as of domestic life? Whether she might not be better prepared to meet and exercise such higher responsibilities? And whether such a communion of labor might not lead to the more humane ordering of many of our public institutions, to a purer standard of morals, to a better mutual comprehension and a finer harmony between men and women, when thus called upon to work together, and (in combining what is best in the two natures) becoming what God intended them to be, — the supplement to each other?"

As an obstacle to this communion of labor, she glances with apparent reason at the English "laws relating to property and marriage," and continues: "Wise men have doubted whether there ought to be separate laws concerning women, as such; and scout with reason such phrases as the rights of women and the wrongs of women. I have always had such an intimate convic-

<sup>• &</sup>quot;A Second Lecture on the Social Employments of Women, by Mrs. Jameson, author of 'Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad.' London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts."

tion of the absurdity of such phrases, that I believe I never used them seriously in my life. In a free country and a Christian community, a woman has the rights which belong to her as a human being and as a member of the community, and she has no others. I think it a dangerous and fatal mistake to legislate on the assumption, that there are feminine and masculine rights and wrongs, just as I deem it a fatal error in morals to assume that there are masculine and feminine virtues and vices. There are masculine and feminine qualities, wisely and beautifully discriminated; but there are not masculine and feminine virtues and vices. Let us not cheat ourselves by what Mrs. Malaprop would call 'a nice derangement of epithets,' lest 'a nice derangement' of morals ensue thereupon; lest our ideas get hopelessly entangled in words, and our principles of right and wrong become mystified

by sentimental phrases.

"Nothing in all my experience of life has so shocked me as the low moral standard of one sex for the other, arising, as I believe, out of this irreligious mistake. I see, among the women of our higher classes, - those who have lived much in 'the world,' as it is called, - a sort of mysterious horror of the immorality of men, not as a thing to be resisted or resented or remedied, but to be submitted to as a sort of fatality and necessity (for so it has been instilled into them), or guarded against by a mere inefficient barricade of conventional proprieties; while I see in men of the world a contemptuous mistrust of women, an impression of their faithlessness, heartlessness, feebleness, equally fatal and mistaken. Men are not all sensual and selfish; women are not all false and feeble. Women, I am sorry to say it, can be sensual and selfish; men can be false and weak: but then I have known men, manly men, with all the tenderness and refinement we attribute to women; and I have known women who have united with all their own soft sympathies and acute perceptions quite a manly strength and sincerity. The union is rare: it brings the individual so endowed near to our ideal of human perfection." (Is it not in accordance, too, with all that we can know of the divine perfection?) "It is what we ought to aim at in all our schemes of education. Meantime, let us have what is the next best thing, the combination of the two natures, the two influences, in all that we are trying to effect for the good of the 'human family.' . . . .

"Morally, a woman has a right to the free and entire development of every faculty which God has given her to be improved and used to His honor. Socially, she has a right to the protection of equal laws; the right to labor with her hands the thing that is good; to select the kind of labor which is in harmony with her condition and her powers; to exist, if need be, by her labor, or to profit others by it if she choose. These are her rights, not more nor less than the rights of the man. Let us, therefore, put aside all futile and unreal distinctions. . . . .

"Wherever the nature of either man or woman is considered as self-dependent or self-sufficing, their rights and wrongs as distinct, their interests as opposed, or even capable of separation, there we find cruel and unjust laws, discord and confusion entering into all the forms of domestic and social life, and the element of decay in all our institutions. In the midst of our apparent material prosperity, let some curious or courageous hand lift up but a corner of that embroidered pall which the superficial refinement of our privileged and prosperous classes has thrown over society, and how we recoil from the revelation of what lies seething and festering beneath! How we are startled by glimpses of hidden pain, and covert vice, and horrible wrongs done and suffered! Then come strange trials before our tribunals, polluting the public mind. . . . . Then eloquent newspaper articles are let off like rockets into an abyss, just to show the darkness, - and expire. Then have we fitful, clamorous bursts of popular indignation and remorse, hasty partial remedies for antiquated mischiefs, clumsy tinkering of barbarous and inadequate laws; - then the vain attempt to solder together undeniable truths and admitted falsehoods into some brittle plausible compromise; - then, at last, the slowly awakening sense of a great want, aching deep down at the heart of society, throbbing upwards and outwards with a quicker and a quicker pulse; and then - what then? What if this great want, this something which we crave and seek, be in a manner a part of ourselves, - lying so near to us, so close at our feet, that we have overlooked and lost it in reaching after the distant, the difficult, the impracticable?"

God grant that the above frightful picture of society in England may never become a true one of society in America! But may we not find some warning hints in it? Are not some of the same causes already at work here which have produced it there?

The lecturer proceeds to illustrate her main idea by descriptions, interspersed with her very interesting reflections, and drawn chiefly from her own observation, of various foreign charitable establishments, some of which are almost enough to make an enthusiastic philanthropist jump across the ocean; and comparisons between the results of the combined labors of men and women in prisons and hospitals, and of those of men alone, which certainly are very strongly in favor of the former. Her book would be worth importing, if only for her account of "Il Refugio" at Turin; an institution for the reformation of "unfortunate girls," under the superintendence of the Marquise de Barol.

She asks what it is that makes their case "far more difficult to deal with, far more hopeless altogether, than that of" unfortunate boys. Is it not partly, in Protestant countries at least, in spite of our boasted superiority in knowledge, and in purity of faith, that we are most of us, in our conduct towards them, fol-

lowers of Cowper rather than of Christ, and that -

"She that has renounced

Her sex's honor, is renounced herself

By all that prize it," —

so rigidly from the very first offence of her misguided or unguarded youth, that despair shuts and bolts the door in the face of repentance?

From "testimony before her relative to the moral and medical efficiency of the lady-nurses sent to the East," she reports: —

"In the most violent attacks of fever and delirium, when the orderlies could not hold them" (the sick and wounded soldiers) "down in their beds, the mere presence of one of these ladies, instead of being exciting, had the effect of instantly calming the spirits, and subduing the most refractory. It is allowed, also, that these ladies had the power to repress swearing, and bad and coarse language; to prevent the smuggling of brandy and raka into the wards; to open the hearts of the sullen and desperate to contrition and responsive kindness."

As to the moral influence which good women are capable of exerting in jails, she says, among other things, —

"A keeper of a prison once relating how his wife had at last

reformed a notorious drunkard, who had been many times in prison, and was considered incorrigible, — 'Ma'am,' said he, 'she mithered him so, that he could not help reforming; he got to dread her sair face more than a policeman or a sheriff.'" And "Capt. Maconochie mentions the influence which his wife exercised over the most hardened and horrible criminals, the convicts at Norfolk Island. Because she was fearless and gentle, and a woman, those men respected her, — they who respected nothing else in heaven or earth."

Somewhat to our surprise, Mrs. Jameson speaks of the frequent and seemingly useful employment of educated medical women in the dispensaries of various charitable and religious establishments on the continent of Europe. She also gives a slight sketch of "that system of training which has been found so successful in turning out efficient, cheerful, kindly women" among them, and which certainly deserves the study of any Christian social reformer who does not think it a fatal objection to any plan of practical benevolence, that somebody else thought of it first, who entertained a different opinion from himself upon transubstantiation, &c. If we would consent to take all the good that we could from our theological opponents, and to leave to them all their and our own evil, their power would be likely soon to crumble away of itself. She protests against the notion, that the "privilege of the woman to pervade our human institutions with a more tender and more moral power, to work openly with a species of religious sanction, like the deaconesses of the primitive Christian church," is "really and inseparably interwoven with the doctrines of the Roman-Catholic church;" and declares, we suspect with only too much truth, that such "views are every day driving distinguished, and gifted, and enthusiastic women into the pale of that church, which stretches out its arms, and says, 'Come unto me, ye who are troubled, ye who are idle, and I will give you rest and work; and, with these, sympathy and reverence, the religious sanction, direction and control.' Can we find nothing of all this for our women?" she goes on. "Why should they thus go out from among us? I, for my part, do not understand it. . . . .

"Why is female influence always supposed to be secret, underhand, exercised in some way which is not to appear, till even our good deeds borrow the piquancy of intrigue, and we are told practically to seek the shade, till morally we fear the light? Why can we not walk bravely, honestly, and serenely, yet simply and humbly, along the path we have chosen, or to which it hath pleased God to call us, instead of creeping about in a spirit of fear, as if quite overcome by the sense of our own wonderful merits, and obliged to throw over them a veil of conventional humility?"

The references to other authors, and quotations, of which she makes use to confirm her own observations and impressions, give us very interesting glimpses of foreign philanthropic literature. The following extract she takes from a work on "Crime, its Amount, Causes, and Remedies, by F. Hill, for many years

Inspector of Prisons:"-

"Much, I believe, would be done towards securing the virtue of the female sex, and therefore towards the general diminution of profligacy, if the practical injustice were put an end to by which women are excluded from many kinds of employment for which they are naturally qualified. The general monopoly which the members of the stronger sex have established for themselves is surely most unjust, and, like all other kinds of injustice, recoils on its perpetrators."

To this book of Mr. Hill she has recourse more than once, as also to an article on the ill-treatment of women, in the "North-British Review" for last June, which would seem to be very ingenious, and in the main very sensible, but from which she has copied in a note one little statement so whimsical, that we cannot resist the temptation to pick it out, and hold it up for one instant on the point of our pen, for the amusement of our readers:

namely, -

"To start from one's seat or rush across a room to pick up a woman's pocket-handkerchief, or to open a door for her, is a very different thing from knocking her down, and stamping upon her; but both acts originate in the same sense of man's superiority, and tend to perpetuate woman's weakness: the one is a blunder; the other, a crime!"

A very rheumatic view of the former act in question! Does it originate in the sense of a girl's superiority, when she has the becoming grace to start from her chair to pick up the handkerchief of an older, though perhaps only middle-aged, woman? One might as well declare, that masculine tyranny and feminine menial-service were perpetuated by a lady's pouring out a gentleman's cup of tea. Not utter individual independence, but mutual

service and mutual reverence, which the forms of polite life mimic among acquaintances in the drawing-room, are precisely what are wanted carried out in earnest, into common life, among acquaintances and strangers in the street, the shop, the market, the manufactory, and the farm-house. The mere forms are very good, as far as they go, in serving as reminders, and in calling forth the kindly mutual feelings by which they were originally, it is probable, suggested. The pity is that they go no further.

Mrs. Jameson considers "the complete separation of boys and girls, in their early education, . . . a great mistake, and a source of infinite unhappiness and immorality. . . . Till eleven or twelve years old at least," she thinks that "boys and girls ought to be accustomed to learn together, play together, eat together; to be mutually forbearing, helpful, and kind to each other."

The suggestion, though not quite unprecedented, is a somewhat novel one; yet, like most suggestions coming from thoughtful and conscientious minds, is entitled, not indeed to instant and unquestioning adoption, but to respectful and patient consideration. It is probable, not to say evident, that generally well-disposed boys and girls are particularly disposed to do and say their best in the presence of one another; and perhaps this in itself affords a hint which we might act upon to advantage much more than we usually do. Perhaps the pains which are often taken to prevent their intercourse might be more successfully and usefully spent in watching over it. Certainly, if our system of education forbids it at home and in school, and restricts it to half-clandestine discountenanced promenades out of doors by day, and to a series of permitted twirling tê te-à-tê tes by night, in crowded rooms glaring with lights and ringing with the sweetest and the maddest music, from bedtime till midnight in their childhood, and from midnight till morning in their youth, our system of education would seem to be ingeniously contrived to combine some of the worst evils, and to omit some of the chief goods, of a life-long association and of a life-long separation. If the young, in their calmer and more unexcited hours, while engaged in their domestic duties and amusements, and in their studies, could at the same time, by observing one another, be learning something of real life, instead of getting away by themselves to take their ideas of it at second-hand from the exaggerated sketches of the most exciting scenes in it, which their story-books and novels offer them as true

pictures of the whole, and to dream about it and about one another, - many an otherwise fine castle in the air might never rise above its foundation, and many a sentimental misery in afterdays be guarded against. They would see with their own eyes, - the only satisfactory way of seeing, - that, instead of every pretty, well-dressed little boy or girl they met being the hero or heroine of some delightful possible romance, pretty little boys were just as apt to be greedy or cruel, and pretty little girls to be selfish or cross, as any other little boys or girls, - a piece of knowledge that might be hard to come by, and stand them in good stead, in their more factitious and ceremonious intercourse. and would learn by experience and by little mistakes, made before the age at which a choice is to be made for life and mistakes are iremediable, what qualities in their companions were the most essential to their comfort and happiness. A general acquaintance under proper supervision might thus be of service to them at school, and particular intimacies do them more good than harm at home. We have not one word to utter in behalf of premature or mature flirtations; but we should think the chance for going through life with credit and peace of mind, of a frank, joyous, friendly, sensible girl, accustomed in the bosom of her family to take the civil attentions of boys or men as matters of course and for what they were worth, quite as good as that of a solitary, sentimental, musing maiden, who sighed for them in secret, and to whom their rarity or novelty made her attach to them an undue value, and disposed her always to interpret them as tokens of peculiar regard.

In the bosom of her family, did we say? That brings us upon a subject which we cannot pass over in silence. If the separation of sexes in all countries may be an evil, the separation of families and ages in our own country must. The latter ought to be done away with before the former. It is altogether lamentable and perilous. When God set the solitary in families, he knew, as well as we do, that we all want "companions of our own age;" and he provided them for us in our families, — husbands and wives, and brothers and sisters. But he also knew, better than most of us do, that, whether we wish them or not, we want companions not of our own age; and therefore he provided for us parents and children, and older and younger brothers and sisters. He knew that we all needed both something earthly to look up to

with reverent affection, and something to look down upon with fondness. He knew that we needed, in our trials, our sufferings, or our sins, the guardianship, the inalienable love, sympathy, and pity of friends, whose nature it would be to be true to us even if we ceased to be true to ourselves, and when those of our own choosing forsake us; and therefore he gave us fathers and mothers, and older brothers and sisters. He knew that we needed to have our own watchful love, sympathy, and pity, which it is even more blessed to give than to receive, drawn forth by the needs of those younger, weaker, and more helpless than ourselves; and therefore he gave us children, and younger brothers and sisters. He knew, that, by living thus in obedience to his commands expressed and implied, the older would be cheered by the gayety and assisted by the activity of the younger, and the younger guided painlessly or uninjured through many dangers by the hard-earned experience of the older. But how is this wise and merciful plan set at nought among us! How often do we see a large family which is one family in spirit, or even in semblance, except at weddings or funerals, or on Thanksgiving Days? The father has his separate business and his set of friends; the son, his separate business and his set of friends; the mother, her separate business and no friends at all; the daughter, her separate friends and no business at all. So it goes from highest to lowest, unless, here or there, there may be a pair of mate-brothers or mate-sisters of the same age or near it, till even the poor little things in the nursery may be heard prattling about "my friend" and "your friend." The children are at school and in the street through the day, scattered about with their "friends," scarcely meeting each other and the elders except in the evening, when there are lessons to be learned, or at their meals; and then, perhaps, under the enforcement of the sapient rule, that "children must not talk (however modestly and pleasantly) at the table," - a rule tending, probably, to do as much as almost any other piece of traditional systematized domestic folly to put asunder what God would join. We grant that this account looks like a libel even to ourselves, now that we have written it; but is it not at least "founded on fact," and too nearly true to blot out?

When we meet with a family, all the members of which are really intimate, and pleased, with one another, we are, it is very likely, ready enough to exclaim, "What a happy family!" or,

"What a delightful family they are!" But the case is so rare, that perhaps we hardly understand it, and fail to discover that the charm which makes them so is the same that lies in all things which are beautiful and perfect, - in the statue, the picture, the mathematical problem, the drama, the machine, the symphony, and the universe, - the mighty charm of unity in variety. When we break up all our families into societies composed of persons all of or near the same age, we act as stupidly as we should in breaking up all our statues in order to make separate collections of heads, limbs, and trunks; our dramas into separate collections of beginnings, middles, and ends, and so on to the end of the list; and more mischievously, because our blunder is a moral one. Into a united family, - understanding by that term not merely one in which all the members, at times when they cannot help being together, manage, under a painful sense of duty, to keep the peace, but one in which they are, by nature, education, or both, truly congenial to one another; where the husband and wife are not merely respected (silent) partners, but lovers still; where the fostered instinct of the children, from the cradle up, sends them flying, in the first moment of grief, remorse, or perplexity, to whisper all their trouble into an ever-ready ear of one of the two confessors and consolers that Providence appointed them; where brothers and sisters are one another's playmates, fellow-students, and "most intimate friends;" where the tone of the table-talk and parlor-chat is kept above flippancy and flattery by the chastened feeling and solid sense of the cherished, unflouted, unsnubbed seniors, and above languor and dulness by the well-bred sprightliness and merriment of the indulged and encouraged juniors; where all habitually do their best that they may do one another honor; where the friends of one are the friends of all; where the little boy-visitor cannot thoroughly enjoy himself without the gracious welcome of the sweet, playful, affectionate mother, or a peep at the works of the father's watch, and a ride on his knee, but says, "I think I must go home now, and come again another day, when they've got back, because, somehow, it don't seem natural;" and the little girl-correspondent, instead of "I'll write to you, if you'll be sure not to let anybody see my letters, Bessy," says, "O dear Mrs. Darling! did Bessy read you the note I sent her? I meant to tell her to, there was something in it so funny;" and the débutante, at the end of her walk, to her young admirer, not, "Won't you come in?

there won't be anybody here except my mother, and you needn't mind her;" but, "Won't you walk in? I think, if you do, you will find mamma; and they will all be delighted to see you;"—into such a home, we should not generally be much afraid of the effects of admitting good and well-chosen acquaintances of either sex, to talk, laugh, play, sing, draw, work, and read, in company with the inmates, old and young, till they were eleven or twelve, nor till they were eighteen or twenty.

Our lecturer desires that childless and homeless women should be enabled and encouraged to become mothers to the motherless. and to find some place of Christian usefulness in which their hearts and minds at least may be at home. She desires that men and women should work together as brothers and sisters for the accomplishment of the same benevolent and lofty ends, bringing together all their strength and all their sweetness to the holy service of their common Father. In a word, she has in view throughout the expansion of the domestic affections into social We may be mistaken; but this appears to us one of the prime objects of Christianity. In our families, we are placed as if in a school to learn the alphabet of that filial and fraternal love, which one would conjecture to be, quickened into infinite intensity and comprehensibleness, the love of heaven, and to be destined to become the love of earth, if ever God's will is to be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

It is a strange and sad indication of the difference between Christianity and Christendom, that, eighteen hundred years after the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews wrote, "Let brotherly love continue," it should be found necessary among soi-disant civilized nations to write, "Let brotherly love begin." A grave humorist might find a boundless field for a pleasing yet a mournful play of fancy in imagining what a different state of things the world would by this time have presented, if that pure love had continued to spread over it, the spirit everywhere keeping pace with the name of the Saviour. Then the strong, instead of trampling upon the weak, would have been seen lifting them up; the lofty have been heard saying to the lowly, instead of, "Crouch beneath my footstool!" "Come up higher!" the learned, instead of seeking to fix their increasing knowledge as a great gulf between themselves and their fellow-men, would have been employed eagerly in turning much of it into smooth roads for the gnorant to ascend upon; the unlucky debtor, instead of running

away or blowing his brains out, would go with confidence to his wealthiest neighbor, and find no difficulty in obtaining aid beyond an honest unwillingness to seek it. As often as a charitable deed was done, the pleasure would have been on the doer's side; the pain, if there was any, on that of the asker. The person who had saved the most men would be held a greater hero than he who had killed the most. He would have been considered the greatest statesman who had shown the most skill in harmonizing the interests of other countries with those of his own. savage would have been guarded, borne with, and taught, by his civilized neighbors, as kindly and patiently as an idiot by his generous and manly brothers. The beauty, instead of estimating the power of her charms, like that of pieces of ordnance, by the amount of mischief they could do, would deal as cautiously with the happiness of her young admirers as she would have her beautiful, no longer rival, but friend, deal with that of her favorite brother. The brilliant, graceful, and accomplished gentleman, instead of amusing himself by playing off the weaknesses and drawing out the follies of the artless and inexperienced, would, by the dignified respect he paid them, teach them to respect and dignify themselves. Parents would have long ago ceased to be anywhere regarded by their children as financial or domestic engines, to be tasked to the utmost, without compunction, until broken or worn out, and then shoved aside and left in a corner, but would have been zealously and gratefully cherished by them as dear and honored benefactors to their latest day. The millionnaire, as he counted over his gains, would mutter to himself, "Think how much good can be done with all this!" The shipowner would often have said to the homesick emigrant, "Will you sail?" as readily as the Jehu often says now to the well-dressed pedestrian, "Will you ride?" The offender would be eager to acknowledge and repair his misdeeds; the offended to forgive, and have them forgotten. Theft and murder would, of course, be unknown; drunkenness, idleness, and poverty, scarcely less so. The pangs of envy and jealousy would all have died a natural death. The joy of one would be the joy of every one. The poorer would work for themselves, readily and thoughtfully provided with fitting employment, if this was necessary, by others: the richer. for their neighbors. The master would loose the slave; the slave cling to the master. We should all be every day almost as eager and happy to befriend each other as we now are when some great

calamity, a fire or a shipwreck, wakes up the angelic instincts in us, which so soon grow torpid again in our heavy earthly air, and for an hour or a week changes earth-worms into men, and men into heroes. Wherever we went, north, south, east, or west, we should find at need, in every stranger whom we met, the good Samaritan, walking in some new disguise.

#### "There were no need of arsenals or forts."

The strength and wealth of nations, no more suicidafly wasting itself in their reciprocal destruction, would be combined for gigantic labors in breaking in to the service of man every practicable portion of our globe, and in bringing to light all its attainable hidden resources for the prosperity of each and all. A new bliss, above the bliss of Eden, would quicken and warm all hearts, the joy not only of receiving, but of doing good. The custom of promoting the gain of others might have become, by gratitude, social sympathy, and a sort of generous competition, at length as ardent a passion as that of seeking one's own has now.

The old, bad fashion of men's treating one another and God as foes, has been tried long enough, not, on the whole, to the satisfaction of anybody, except of Satan, who set it. It was already old when the gospel was new; long-tried, and always found wanting: yet they have stupidly persisted, one after another, in continuing to try it ever since. When shall the new fashion come in? When shall we find all within and without us eagerly following the example of Christ in filial and brotherly love? As soon as we enter the other world, let us hope; but, that it may be so, let us, in the mean time, consider to our profit, that, though the great world in which we now live is too large for most of us to hope to move it much, yet that each man and each woman is an axis upon which at least some little social or domestic sphere revolves. Let us see that that little world moves in accordance with God's will. Others may gravitate towards it. By public action if we may, by private action at any rate, let us all do our larger or smaller part towards the universal practical recognition of the vital truth of our divine parentage and of our human brotherhood. Then, whether it is brought about sooner or later, whether our efforts are visibly crowned with success or not, our Father will say to each of his sons whom He calls up from among us, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and of every daughter, "She hath done what she could!" S. P. FERD.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF NINEVEH.

On Tigris' shore the holy prophet stands, With threatening features and uplifted hands. "Tremble, ye men of Nineveh!" he cries: "The Almighty's anger heavy on you lies. Ere forty days have passed, his fearful doom Shall make your city but a mighty tomb. With lawless hands, God's people have you slain; His shrines polluted with an impious stain; Beneath your yoke have Israel prostrate bent, Nor to their piteous cries attention lent. Fools! ye had hoped destruction here to brave, Fenced in by lofty walls and Tigris' wave. Impious! ye knelt at Belus' idol shrine, And on his altars poured God's holy wine. Ye deemed Jehovah was an empty name, And that your crimes no punishment could claim. But it has come! The Almighty's vengeful ire Sweeps o'er your heads like some devouring fire. Your city 'neath that flame shall be consumed, And in its own black ashes lie entombed. Av. turn derisive to those lofty halls, Those winged monsters, and those sculptured walls ! -The walls, where, graven by your heathen art, Your conquering armies to the wars depart: Where proud Circesium's walls your soldiers scale, Or brave the Armenian darts that shower like hail; Where, in triumphant march, your monarchs ride, While the wan Bactrian captives droop beside; Where Egypt's spoils the pomp of victory grace, And farthest Oxus finds a subject's place. Those mighty arches, those majestic towers, Shall crumble to the dust: destruction lowers O'er all the works your Eastern skill has wrought, Dearly by ages of oblivion bought.

"Long shall you lie entombed beneath the earth, Unheeded e'en as those who gave you birth. Armies shall pass, and nations flourish near, Nor dream that Nimrod's city slumbers here.

" From distant Europe's climes a host shall come, Who seek, through endless toils, their long-lost home. Then Asia first the Hellenic trump shall hear, And Western sounds first strike the Eastern ear. The Xenophontic troop shall scarce have passed, When once again resounds that dreadful blast. Nor doth it summon now to swift retreat: Soon rings the tramp of Macedonian feet; Then dismal rout o'ercomes Darius' host, And a whole empire's in Arbela lost. From Media's heights, from Babylonia's plain, Caucasian mount, or Erythræan main; Ecbatana, with various turrets crowned; Or Hecatompylos, for gates renowned, -All, all, shall perish at that trumpet-sound! But not e'en that shall pierce this funeral heap; Not Alexander wakes the eternal sleep. No: soon he dies, to luxury a slave, And in your own Assyria finds his grave.

"Again the brunt of war and sounding arms
Shall start your slumbers with their dread alarms:
Another hero find his death-bed here;
And Romans weep above their Crassus' bier,
And wait the time when Parthia's haughty lord
Rome's captive eagles yield to Cæsar's sword.

"Long years shall glide above your desert tomb,
Nor aught invade the solitary gloom.
At length, from Mecca shoots the crescent's blaze,
And all Chaldæa owns the potent rays.
Once more her kings shall Babylonia boast,
And realms of glory rise on Tigris' coast:
Yet luxury their nobler powers shall tame;
And, to its soft attire, Mosùl shall owe its fame.

"Thus shall ye fall: no crumbling shaft be seen, Or sculptured arch, where Nineveh hath been. The wandering Kurd shall spread his canvas here, Where Belus' fanes their lofty portals rear; Travellers shall search the boundless East in vain, Nor dream your city hides beneath the plain.

"But, after rolling years their course have run, Again these gorgeous domes shall view the sun; Again your guilt the nations shall behold. And warning take from those who sinned of old. In after-times, new life shall Asia find, And heaven-born knowledge light the Eastern mind. From Western climes, now all unknown to fame, Shall sages come, these secrets to proclaim. Thine be the glory, Layard! Botta, thine! To unlock the kingly dome, the idol shrine; The Assyrian wars disclose, and read the mystic line. Chaldæa's tribes, that roam the desert near, Gaze curious on, with awe and reverent fear; Behold these sculptured monsters with dismay. And deem 'tis Nimrod's self returned to day. Once more shall Ninus' guilt to earth be known, Your pagan rites and ruthless tortures shown. Age shall to age the warning dread prolong, And Asshar's ruin swell the Hesperian song."

W. E.

#### GHOSTLY COUNSEL.

[A CHAPTER FROM THE FORTHCOMING WORK OF REV. E. H. SEARS.]

HENRY had already suppressed a portion of the monasteries, and doomed the rest. When uncovered to the light, they revealed frightful masses of corruption that had passed into the stage of putrescence: sensuality, laziness, and hypocrisy had got quiet lodgment within them. But this was not all: in times of public violence, persecution, and venality, they had nourished the best virtue and the most heavenly piety that could be found in the land. What pure mind has not sighed for such a retreat, when sick of human selfishness; when society itself is falsely arranged, and lies with a crushing weight on individual virtue; when vice is honored and rewarded, and honesty is in disgrace, and starves; then, away from the scene of cringing venality or outrageous oppression, to retire and contemplate the serene, almighty Justice, and be caught up and rapt in its beautiful splendors? So, at least, many had done; and we are not sure, even now, that the monasteries had not their full share of the goodness that saved the world from becoming an abandoned Sodom of scoundrels.

The monasteries, in these days, did the office of country inns, and were always open to the weary traveller. But Richard had other reasons for stopping now. Father Bache was a noted cha-

racter all the country round, — noted for his wisdom and forecast, as well as his sympathizing benevolence. He had a seat in Parliament, moreover; and he knew pretty well the shape of the coming storm.\* This was not the first time that Richard had thrown himself upon his counsels.

Slowly and demurely the monks are filing backward, after their evening orisons, when Richard watches for the benignant old man, and throws himself upon his bosom. He begins to state his troubles.

"Say nothing, my son," said Father Bache; "stone walls have ears in these times; and, besides, I know your whole case. Go in and refresh yourself, and then we will counsel together. Your heart and your flesh, I see, are both weary. After nightfall, I will

talk with you."

Richard had eaten such fare as was placed before him, and sat in the refectory, looking out upon the green, till twilight had flung its last fading rose-colors over the earth and sky. Then Father Bache appeared before him, and beckoned him to follow. They walked out through a back-door of the monastery, and were soon in a path that led through the grove on the brow of the hill. The moon had arisen; and, on the clear silver sheen which it spread over the earth, the trees seemed "writing out words" as they waved, and their leaves fluttered gently in the evening wind. They reached the oratory, which stood in an open space; when the old abbot laid his hand upon the shoulder of his guest, and looked round.

"Sit down: we are only heard here by God and good angels,

and only watched by the holy stars."

"Have you heard, father, that More was convicted and sentenced?"

"I have not heard: but I knew he was to die."

"And did you know that all the Catholics were subscribing the oath, and that Gardner and all the bishops have temporized and

given in?"

"I knew that the evil day had come, and that God was about to purge his floor. What I want to say to you is, that a commissioner is coming shortly to Colchester, and that all your kinsfolk will subscribe the oath. You will be specially called upon; for you are suspected of contumacy, and Rich has you in his eye."

"Well, I can't pretend to be better than the whole world, bishops and all the rest. To tell the truth, good father, this universal servility oppresses me with terrible doubts; and, spite of myself, all confidence in God and man is gliding out of me. If we only knew of the blessed inheritance, we could die for it cheerfully. But this world seems to me nothing but a chaos, and human virtue nothing but a name."

"My son," said the old man, his features kindling with prophetic fire, "you are young, and I am old. I have passed through

The number of abbots who were "parliamentary barons" varied; but was finally fixed at twenty-six, who represented the principal monasteries.
 St. John's, Colchester, was entitled to one. — Fuller, vol. ii. p. 182.

many a crisis like yours; and many a time have I wrestled, like Jacob, with the Lord, and prevailed. You stand now right at the point where the road parts into two ways; and I will tell you just where each will lead you. Subscribe, as all your kinsfolk will, and you will have your reward. You will have large estates, friends, honors; the sense of perjury will not trouble you a great while; you will wax fat and gross, and live long, and the world will envy your success. You can refuse to subscribe; and that way there lie loss of friends, a father's curse, prisons, exiles, privations, death, - death on the block, it may be; or, what is worse. death in small doses: the cup drained, drop by drop, to the bitter dregs. But this way, too, there comes a vision of the opening and enclosing heavens, and a growing consciousness of that Great Presence, which comes like another sun; which makes the body. and all its pains and pleasures, contemptible; while immortality this side Jordan is almost possessed and realized."

"If I only had that!"

"Ah! but you must pay the price of it: it is the great reward of self-sacrifice. It comes after the sacrifice, not before."

"And has it come to you at last, good father?"

"Do you think I have given up forty years to a contemplation of the divine glories, without knowing something of what lies within and beyond the senses? Not three days ago, I was praying here under the midnight stars; and it seemed to me that my inmost spirit lay open and naked under celestial things. The heavenly world was imaged so brightly on my spirit, that I thought I could see the fiture in the present; and I know that my days are numbered, and that my enemies will quarter this body, and give it to the fowls of the air. But I have lived so much out of the body, that I can look down upon it as if I had

already left it, and were within the infolding heavens."

The moon shone over the rapt features of the old abbot, tinging his locks with a more brilliant silver; and he seemed almost free of the body, and full of immortality, - a living and tangible evidence of the realities of another world. As they walked slowly towards the monastery, he leaned on the arm of his guest, and discoursed to him of the aspect of affairs, seeming to look down through the future as one not of this world, but already out of it and above it, and surveying its fore and after scenes as one traces from some mountain-height the windings of a river below. There was a prophet-tone in his speech, and Richard listened with awe. Arriving at the monastery, they passed through the "locutorium," where the abbot gave his guest his good-night and his blessing as the latter went into his room in the dormitory. The "locutory" was so called as the place where the monks assembled at stated times for conversation. On the walls hung two pictures of Raphael: one was Christ bearing his cross; the other, -

> "The Virgin Mother blest; To whom, caressing and caressed, Clings the eternal Child."

Richard left the door ajar as he retired; and, lying upon his pillow, gazed upon the first-named picture, as the pale moonlight rested upon it, and retouched the features that seemed aglow with the beamings of a divine and majestic patience. And, when he closed his eyes at last, the face seen on Traitor's Tower was before him; and, beyond that, long files of other faces, — of those who had come out of great tribulation, but who now wore crowns, and held palms in their hands; files that grew brighter as they ascended far away to where they ended with a brow bleeding and crowned with thorns: but the thorns changed into radiating sunbeams, whose pencillings darted down over all the rest; and then the words that dropped down from Traitor's Tower were audible again. Gradually the faces grew dim and more dim, the radiating thorns have melted away, and the tempted man is in profound sleep at last.

There is music somewhere. He comes back gradually to his outward senses. The morning light is resting on the picture of Christ in the "locutory." The monks are at their matins. Richard rises, and dresses himself in haste, and passes through the court into the chapel. The monks are assembled. The old abbot is on the right side of the "choir" with his moiety of monks, and the prior is on the left with his moiety, and they are chanting their responsals. It is a place calculated to inspire devotion. Beneath the mosaic floor, with its mural monuments, the sainted dead are in their last holy repose. Back of the high altar is a picture of Christ in his last agony. In one of the transepts is a shrine of the patron saint, enriched with various offerings; and in a niche above it is an exquisite sculpture of St. John, done by Italian masters, whose mouth and lips have an infantile sweetness and almost womanly tenderness, and whose higher features seem radiant with visions of eternal things. The prayers and responsals being over, the monks, led by the abbot and prior, walked two and two, kneel in turn at the shrine of St. John, and pass into the court, followed by our wayfaring traveller. There he greets warmly the old abbot, and embraces him as if taking his

"Nay," said the abbot, "you are not going this morning. You are to stay here for a few days, and let the storm reach Colchester before you. It will be there soon; for a commissioner will go down to-morrow. Wait the order of events a little, and shape your course by them. You are running right into the lion's jaws

if you go now."

Richard tarried a few days at the monastery, drinking in the old abbot's counsels, walking with him through the long avenues of oak and chestnut, and discoursing on the highest themes under their soothing shades; seeming to himself to have come to an islet of peace that reposed in an angry sea, but where the noise of the billows is only heard as far-off and dreamy murmurs.

One sweet and quiet morning, when it seemed as if there could be no more storms in the whole beautiful world, he knelt and prayed for the last time before the Divine Sufferer on the canvas of Raphael, and took his leave of the kind-hearted old man.

"Farewell for ever!" said the good father.

Richard noticed a plaintive foreboding in his tone.

## EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Annals of the American Pulpit. By Rev. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. -The first impression, on taking up the two volumes already issued of this work, is that of immense, patient, determined labor. When one considers the incalculable painstaking, the manual toil, the tasks of thought, the efforts of memory, the prodigious correspondence, the copying and correcting, the gathering of serviceable materials, the careful deliberation, the selection of the pertinent from the superfluous, the travel, conversation, proof-reading, and whatever else is involved in a responsible collection of biographies of all the more eminent or noticeable men that have stood in American pulpits, the mind actually aches with the contemplation; the body almost aches with physical sympathy. Two thick, closely-printed octavo volumes are now before us; yet these form only a third, perhaps only a fourth, of the entire publication. Those who are acquainted with biographical composition will remember that it is often necessary to write a dozen letters to as many different parts of the country, to verify a single important statement or date.

The plan of this great enterprise, undertaken evidently in a spirit of genuine veneration and affection for the "sacramental host" of worthies it so faithfully and beautifully commemorates, is this: The whole is divided into great sections, according to the theological and ecclesiastical connections of the men whose biographies are presented. Only the Roman Catholics are left out; and they probably would not care to come in. At the head of each section is a brief, compact historical sketch of the denomination in question, — a department of itself demanding extensive historical learning and wide research. An account is given of each preacher, and of the principal incidents in his career, by the author, followed by reminiscences and descriptions, mostly taken from personal observation, or from sources approaching nearest to that, in the form of letters communicated to the author. This

original feature gives much variety, vivacity, and the interest of personal characterization, to the pages. It also brings into the work a great number of papers, valuable on their own account, by some of the most distinguished persons in the country, eminent in various stations, in the State as well as in the Church. Indeed, the book will be sought, probably, almost as much for the extraordinary combination in its authorship, as for the sake of the long line of goodly pastors,—the true apostolical succession,—whose labors are portrayed. Within each division the arrangement is chronological. Copious indexes, on two different plans, furnish every facility for reference.

It is interesting and affecting to think how extensive is the welcome that is sure to greet the results of this gigantic undertaking. There can be scarcely an inhabited spot in the United States where some one of these servants of the most high God was not, in his lifetime, known and loved. What a treasury of precious and sacred memorial for the future church! and what a rich addition, for all time, to the sources of the historian's appeal!

No man in the whole country has such qualifications for this delicate and yet herculean office as Dr. Sprague, as all will readily confess who are familiar with his capacity of labor, his intellectual fidelity, his patience with details, his methodical studies, his eminent fairness and liberality, his inexhaustible kindness, his careful and nice judgment, his pure taste, and his cordial attachment to the high calling which is here set forth in its true and simple honor. The apologies of the modest and graceful preface are not needed. To unusual professional and literary engagements he has voluntarily added this labor of love, — "the greatest work of his life." May his reward be rich, both here on earth, and in that great assembly where these gifted and holy spirits, whose names are here associated in one company, shall rejoice and worship together, seeing face to face, and knowing as they are known!

Lessons on Morals and Christian Evidences. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., LL.D. Cambridge: John Bartlett. These two clear treatises originally formed two numbers of a series of elementary publications by the archbishop, designed to convey to the people important instruction in relation to ethical, political, social, and religious responsibilities. The author's simplicity of style, his happy faculty of illustration, his high standard of moral obligation, and his evident sincerity of purpose, make him a safe and entertaining guide to the young. Inquiry is often made for some text-book suitable for moral and spiritual tuition, in seminaries, Sunday schools, and families. It is therefore proper

to say, that the little work before us has been lately introduced into the course of instruction in Harvard College, and is found to answer a good purpose. It is easy to learn, and easy to remember. With proper assistance from the teacher, it suggests what is most essential in the subject. The truth is, no one work can be wholly satisfactory to a teacher of morals who has any vital sense of the demands of his office. Yet a text-book there must be; and we know of none better for its place than this.

Julian; or Scenes in Judaa. By WILLIAM WARE. Second edition. New York: C. S. Francis and Co. Boston: 53, Devonshire Street. - Most of our readers will remember the great delight given by the first appearance of Mr. Ware's series of classical and historical fictions. It was felt, at once, that in these books a rare and permanent contribution was made to the higher literature of the country. Before the author's lamented death, he received gratifying proofs that his fidelity and genius as an artist were not unappreciated. On every account, it is pleasant to see, by the publication of a second edition, that the earlier impressions are confirmed; and that the wholesome taste for pure and elevating works is not quite lost in the highly-seasoned and innutritious, if not poisonous, supplies which have done so much to vitiate the appetite and disorder the health of modern readers. In making up a library of sterling value, and in marking out a course of entertaining and profitable reading for the young, these publications of Mr. Ware must occupy a conspicuous place; and among them all, one of the best, both as respects historical interest, and skill in the execution, is this one, which groups its incidents and arranges its pictures around the strange figure of that ill-understood character, the Emperor Julian.

Plays and Poems. By George H. Boker. Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Boker's merits as a dramatic and lyrical composer seem to be beyond his general reputation; though he has been known for some eight years, to those more familiar with the literature of the modern stage than we are, as a writer of much vigor and a brilliant imagination. We have found pieces in these two volumes — issued in the faultless and attractive style that has made the house of Ticknor and Fields respected on both continents — which would hardly dishonor the name of any minstrel of the age. His conception of the office of a true poet appears to be high and true. He does not regard it as ordained to pervert Nature, nor to over-color her, nor to outdo her; but, in the humble and reverential spirit of a faithful disciple, to group her beauties, and present them in their simple reality and original power.

The Queen's Soliloquy in "Anne Boleyn" is a fine specimen of tragic eloquence.

The Poetry of the East. By Rev. WILLIAM R. ALGER. Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. - With commendable industry and zeal, Mr. Alger has brought together into a convenient volume, from many sources, a collection of specimens of Oriental poetry. A part of these he has translated from German and Latin versions; others he has simply copied; others still are versifications or paraphrases of his own, where "the originating hint and impulse alone" were given him. The pieces show, as might be supposed, much inequality of merit. Some are original; others are commonplace; very many are ingenious; not a few are grotesque; here and there one is puerile. In some, there is profound wisdom; in some, true piety; in some, nothing but odd conceits. But nearly all serve the purpose of illustrating the mental characteristics and the literary ambition of the lands where they were produced. It is not to be expected that anybody should read the whole mass of love-songs, legends, parables, hymns, meditations, in connection, any more than one might be expected to read a volume of proverbs in that way. The book is rather to be taken up in leisure moments, for a temporary diversion, or as a stimulus to reflection.

The body of the volume is preceded by an introductory account of the literature of Eastern countries, especially in Persia, Arabia, Hindostan, and China, and of the works from which the compiler has drawn his materials. This is a valuable survey. The author chiefly wants a rigid discipline of his style. He is betrayed into excesses of expression which obscure his meaning. He yields too much to the temptations or the contagion of his theme. His exuberance sometimes rivals that of the tribes whose effusions he translates, and damages the purity of his native tongue.

The Rural Poetry of the English Language. John P. Jewett and Co. — The editor of this generous and elegant work for the centre-table is Prof. Joseph William Jenks. The plan is new. From an extensive range of English reading, the compiler brings together the best lyrical and descriptive compositions, suited to each month of the year in succession. The general arrangement makes it easy to turn to whatever is most appropriate to the passing season. Besides this, however, a very copious and particular index facilitates reference still farther. The selections are made with excellent taste and discrimination. It is a great merit that so much inferior matter, which must have pressed for admission, is excluded. For the most part, we find quotations only

from the standard and classical poets. The volume is a handsome octavo, very distinctly printed, and richly bound. It is offered especially to the large and increasing class of cultivated tillers of the soil; but it is equally suited to all who love the aspects and commune with the spirit of outward nature, whether in city or country.

Charicles; a Dramatic Poem. Ticknor and Fields. — The commendation given in our pages to "Lyteria," when that classic drama, by one of our younger men of letters, appeared, some years ago, belongs to "Charicles," and for the same reasons. The subject of the piece is the death of Tiberius, and the accession of Caius. The two stronger characters are Tiberius and Ennia. Charicles himself discourses in a strain of moral dignity and poetic beauty, and illustrates the virtues of the good physician. For the composition and the author we can feel nothing but respect. The conceptions are delicate and high; the style is pure and poetical; the tragic force is by no means ordinary; and the characterization is consistent. Within the easily recognized limits of its modest pretensions, it is a fine work of art.

Audubon the Naturalist. New York: C. S. Francis and Co.—As we look over the numerous issues of the juvenile press, and compare the libraries of our children with our own at their age, we are often forcibly reminded that the increase of books is not always an increase of knowledge, much less of wisdom. But were all books of that class like the one now under notice, there would be occasion for nothing but gratification in this rapid multiplication. One of the characters that best deserve study, and most attract the young by its own genuineness and enthusiasm, by adventure and novel experience, by wild explorations, and entertaining intimacies with the living creatures and striking scenery of the natural world, is here presented in vivid colors.

Arthur Monteith. By Mrs. Blackford.— The same publishers have just put out this continuation of "The Scottish Orphans." The mention of that delightful story, and of "The Eskdale Herdboy," by the same author, will recommend this one to many children, and to parents that were children once. A short account is given, at the outset, of the characters and incidents of the former tale, to refresh the memory of those that have partly forgotten it, and also to make this volume independent in itself. Good sense, kind feeling, and a religious spirit, are conspicuous in the management of the narrative.

Tales from Saxon History. By EMILY TAYLOR. — This also is from the press of C. S. Francis and Co. Every one, at all ac-

quainted with the early history of England, must be aware what rich materials are there afforded for the amusement of the young, as well as of the mature. They are here wrought into forms so pleasant and graceful, that the apologies of the modest preface seem hardly needed. Haco the Good, Hereward, Edith and Bertha, Athelstane, Alfred, Etheldreda, Egfrid, are romantic personages of a romantic age. Mark this as among the books worth buying for the holiday presents.

Little Songs. With Pictures. By Mrs. Follen. Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. — If there is a child in the house from two to five years old, let him not be deprived of this literary luxury. It will save many a scream, or turn it into a smile. The verses leap and sparkle, as the blood and the eyes of all the little ones will in the nurseries where they find their way. Mrs. Follen always understood the art of pleasing children; and here is a

fresh proof of her skill.

Marrying Too Late. By George Wood. D. Appleton and Co. 1856. - The popular English novelist, who is justly named "the Hogarth of modern literature," has had the misfortune to become the model-painter of a numerous school of shallow, not to say vicious, imitators. Over and over again, we are led through the mazes of Vanity Fair, in one city or another, in high life and low life, among a few "Sharps," and a great many flats. But we miss the masterly hand of the showman, who made his puppets instinct with life, and whose keen-edged satire probed deep enough into our own hearts, and the constitution of the community about us, to reveal the hidden germs of the very evil which an artificial state of society has forced into a rank and luxuriant growth. Many of us owe a large debt both to the cutting sarcasm and the tender pathos of Mr. Thackeray; but his imitators, - what shall be said of them? Shall we follow the fashion of Dante, "look only, and pass on;" or avoid some vexation of spirit, as well as of vanity, by not looking at all?

"Marrying Too Late" does not even prove the dubious moral implied by its title. Such an inroad of the worst features of Italian intrigue upon the streets of an American city, and the peace of an American home, is not a question of time; it is possible only in the author's imagination, or perhaps in that of some very unsophisticated reader; and, if it were possible, nobody would be any

wiser or better for knowing any thing about it.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when all such ministrations to a morbid craving for excitement will meet with the wholesome neglect they so richly deserve; and that the sons and daughters of ennui, who turn to their pages for relief, may be set to work in the broad fields of honest and healthy and decent reading.

Agnes, and the Key of her little Coffin. S. K. Whipple and Co. 1857. — The key of this little coffin will unlock many hearts whose dearest treasure lies locked within a grave. The bereaved father tells his story of the child he loved so well, with a touching simplicity, and truth to nature; and he has wreathed around her memory many high and holy thoughts, and Christian hopes, and heavenly consolations. There are occasional "glimpses of the glory" into which the little one has entered, and a constant sense of the true meaning of the sorrow that joins earth with heaven.

In this age of material "manifestations," falsely called "spiritual," it is especially grateful to find such an expression of that Christian communion with our friends in heaven which is permitted alike by reason and revelation.

The Elements of Punctuation. By John Wilson. Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — This excellent book has spoken for itself too long and well to need any word of praise from us. We heartily wish it could be even more extensively circulated than it is, as a blessing to authors and readers, printers and publishers. We should then have fewer letters and manuscripts, and even books, which might be improved by Timothy Dexter's method of punctuation, — a text of unbroken lines, with an addendum of points and stops to be applied at the reader's discretion. If this book were introduced into all our common schools, and made the invariable supplement of instruction in grammar, an ill-punctuated page would soon be considered as unscholar-like as an ill-spelt one, and fewer writers would be restricted to fortuitous dashes and occasional periods.

Life and Thought; Cherished Memorials of Julia A. Parker Dyson. Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. — This affectionate tribute to the memory of a departed friend is offered in a loving spirit which disarms criticism. The book relates the experience of a Christian woman, remarkable not for its outward events, but for the energy and the industry and conscientious purpose that made it noble. When a young girl, she leaves her father's house for a distant home among strangers, because she can be more useful as a teacher than amidst the ease and comfort of her own family.

This biography is, in one sense, what all such books should be, — an autobiography, made up mostly of her own letters, and extracts from her journal.

Step by Step; or, Delia Arlington. James Munroe and Co. -

To the friends of a national literature there must always be an interest in the development of native talent. It cannot be said with justice, that American readers are unwilling to see real merit in the writings of their countrymen. Indeed, some of the most brilliant instances of literary success have occurred in our homebred authors. If there is a charm in a foreign book from the very fact of its being an importation, so is there an attraction of another and a better kind in the original productions of our neighbors and acquaintances, growing out of the circumstance that they spring into being amidst familiar conditions of society, manners, education, and all public and private life. The story now before us comes from a New-England mind and spirit. The author was reared under the generous and impartial influences of a New-England culture, and is a genuine woman. We can cordially testify, that, in all the personal qualities that underlie every true composition, this writer is entitled to full confidence and respect. The book itself will be sure to engage the reader's lively attention, and improve the heart. First of all its merits is a thorough and consistent Christian purpose. There is no sickly sentiment, nor mawkish piety, nor literal moral; but a natural, breathing, fervent faith warms and inspires the whole, - decided, yet genial; special, and yet practical; rational, and yet evangelical. Then the emotions that are brought into play are real emotions, such as all of us have felt, and such as befitthe occasions and scenes that excite them. The chain of incidents is woven with a good degree of ingenuity. Character unfolds, is tried, grows, ripens, according to the laws of human experience. Good and evil appear what they are, and the victories of the former over the latter are legitimate victories. There is nothing to foster false views, or feed a mere romantic fancy. The style is simple, and without pretension; highly wrought passages are not to be found. More brilliant descriptions, and more exciting situations, can easily be had; but by those who love to see the action of truth in familiar forms, and the beauty of a sincere and honest soul amidst such trials and temptations as belong to the world of fact, clothed in the colors of a chaste imagination, "Delia Arlington" will be appreciated. The dialogue is remarkable for the absence of the formal phraseology and strained stateliness of the fashionable novel, and sounds like the talk of living men and women. Among the books examined for winter reading and holiday gifts, let this find a place.

Violet; or, the Cross and the Crown. By M. J. McIntosh. J. P. Jewett and Co. — The circle of Miss McIntosh's friends and

readers is steadily enlarging. Her graceful and practised hand constructs pleasant "airy fabrics," which are something more than dreams. Her pictures have nature in them, and there is something to be learnt from them. Those that know the author cannot help admiring her books. In "Violet," the delighted readers of "Charms and Counter Charms" and "To Seem and to Be" will recognize a familiar friend. The events are decidedly romantic. We cannot say that they are such as are likely to occur. Two such shipwrecks, fraught with such consequences, make rather an eventful life. Nor is the kind of success or good fortune, which the heroine is represented as attaining by her virtues, precisely such as is commonly associated with the words "cross" and "crown." The author's reputation can afford these qualifications of praise; and the public will very likely set them at nought in an eager reception of her entertaining fiction.

#### PAMPHLETS.

The following pamphlets have been received. We regret we have space and time only for this record of their titles. There is no one among them for which we do not feel grateful on account of its contents as well as the courtesy, and no one from which we should not be glad to make extracts for the enriching of our pages: Rev. Dr. Sprague's Address at West Springfield, Commemorative of Dr. Joseph Lathrop; Hon. R. C. Winthrop's Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Franklin, in Boston; Hon. Joel Parker's Address, before the citizens of Cambridge, on the Non-Extension of Slavery and Constitutional Representation; A Sermon on Christian Culture, by the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, of Rhode Island; Rev. J. P. Thompson's Sermon on the Teachings of the New Testament respecting Slavery; Rev. Oliver Stearns's Farewell Sermon to his Society in Hingham; Rev. E. B. Foster's Sermon on the North-Side View of Slavery; A Sermon on Doing Good, by Rev. Thomas O. Rice, of Rockville, Conn.; A Sermon on the Spirit of Human Liberty, by Rev. W. L. Gage, of Manchester, N.H., - in which a single unaccountable and irreverent expression defaces (p. 17) an animated and meritorious performance; An Address on the Relations of Christ to Education, by Rev. James M. Hoppin; Dr. Hitchcock's Discourse on the Religious Bearings of Man's Creation, before the American Association for the advancement of Science, and President Hopkins' Discourse on Science and Religion, before the same body; Dr. E. H. Clarke's Introductory Lecture before the Medical Class of 1856-7, in Harvard University, on the Relation of Drugs to Treatment.

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### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Journal will be enlarged 144 pages the present year, each number containing 72 pages instead of 60, as heretofore; making two volumes a year of 432 pages each. The price of the work will not be advanced in consequence of this enlargement; but, from those who do not pay their subscription within six months, \$3.50 will be required.

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# CRITIC CRITICISED:

# A REPLY

TO

### A REVIEW OF WEBSTER'S SYSTEM

IN THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR MARCH, 1856.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR JUNE, 1856.

BY EPES SARGENT, Esq., of Boston.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:
GEO. & CHAS. MERRIAM.
1856.

### [From Hon. John C. Spencer.]

ALBANY, June 18th, 1851.

MESSRS. G. & C. MERRIAM,

Gentlemen:—After the testimony to the extraordinary merit of Dr. Webster's Dictionary of the English Language which has been borne by the illustrious Statesmen, Scholars, and Writers of this country, and by the most competent judges in England, it seems almost presumptuous for me to express an opinion on the subject; but as your polite note of the 16th inst. seems to invite such an expression, I comply.

More than twenty years ago I procured the Quarto edition, and have used it constantly ever since. My pursuits in life have rendered it necessary to consult it frequently, as well as other works of a kindred or similar character, particularly Dr. Johnson's Quarto of the latest and best edition, Richardson's Dictionary, Crabbe's Synonyms, and Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley. In professional, political, and literary discussions, the turning point of the argument has often been the exact meaning of words, as ascertained not only from their use, but from their derivation: while in many cases, perhaps in a majority of them, the works referred to have failed to give the desired information, that of Dr. Webster has always furnished precisely what has been desired, and I have long felt individually indebted to the illustrious author, for the labor and time he has saved me by his unwearied patience, profound learning, and unsurpassed industry.

It is unquestionably the very best Dictionary of our language extant. It is a model of copiousness and precision; and its great accuracy in the definition and derivation of words, gives it an authority that no other work on the subject possesses. It is constantly cited and relied on in our Courts of Justice, in our Legislative bodies, and in public discussions, as entirely conclusive.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that such a work is a treasure which cannot be dispensed with by any one who would thoroughly understand and correctly use his mother tongue. It should be in every school in our land, that our youth may not be obliged, as I have been, to unlearn the false pronunciation, the unsound philology, and the erroneous definitions, which were taught me in my childhood.

The elegance and correctness of your edition, so cheap for a book of its size—one-third of what I gave for the first edition—are alike creditable to your taste and enterprise, and worthy of the great work which will ever stand forth a monument of the science and literature of our country.

John C. Speneur.

### PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HAD the author of the attack, to which the following is a reply, quoted frankly and accurately the language in which the reasons he assumes to controvert are given, there would be little occasion for us to notice his abusive article. The fallacy of his arguments would have been obvious to the discriminating reader, and a sufficient antidote would have accompanied the bane. But, as will be be seen in the sequel, the critic, as we will by courtesy call him, has repeatedly misquoted Webster's language, and by suppressing certain words here, and adding others there, has endeavored to make Webster stultify and contradict himself. Thus, for example, he says, "But what does Webster mean by saying that pretence, offence, and defence, are 'the only three words that remain terminating in ence'?" Here he professes to quote Webster's exact language. And again, (citing Webster,) "changing the only three words that remain, terminating in ence." But this language is nowhere to be found as used by Webster in his Dictionary. He nowhere says that "only three words remain terminating in ence." It is said that "a change is needed in only three words more to complete the analogy;" a very different statement. When, therefore, the critic says of Webster, "His own Dictionary contains many other words terminating in ence," &c., and so seeks to convict him of selfcontradiction, the whole force of his assault rests on his own misquotation. So in other cases we might cite. If there is any thing that may seem specious and mischievous in this attack, it may be attributed to the employment of tactics like these.

The attempt at defamation thus made seems to have imparted no little comfort and encouragement to parties who are pecuniarily interested in bringing Webster's system into discredit. The article containing the attack has been republished in various forms, and scattered broadcast over the country by these parties, the publishers of another dictionary, who seem to base all their hopes of success, one day, upon the amount of prejudice they may be able to excite against a Dictionary which has precedence, in every sense, in the public estimation, and which is unquestionably the standard authority for a large

majority of the American people.

But thus far the efforts of these publishers, though continued unscrupulously through a series of years, have utterly failed. The ally, to whose cooperation they now resort, is no new assailant of the fame and merits of Noah Webster. In communications to various journals he has, through a period of eight or nine years, given vent to his rancorous hostility. In one of his tirades he says, "Webster was a vain, weak, plodding Yankee, ambitious to be an American Johnson;" and adds other epithets in the same vein. The style of this remark will sufficiently indicate the spirit in which the writer enter: upon his periodical task of vilification. The public are as yet stubbornly deaf to his appeals, if we may take as a proof the increasing sales of Webster's Dictionaries.

Of the motives of the parties who are circulating this new and revised edition of old, exploded objections, we need say nothing. Although its reissue in several Boston and New York journals may have the appearance of a spontaneous concurrence in its views,

we are assured that, in some instances at least, its insertion was paid for by the publishers to whom we have alluded, - the dictionary issued by them being equally open to several of the same strictures as the article in question contains upon Webster. Thus: 1. The critic cites, with a sneer, fifteen words from Webster, as showing that "the value of the dictionary" may not "increase in the direct ratio of its voluminousness." But the dictionary issued by these persons thus circulating this critic's article contains twelve of these same words. 2. The critic animadverts upon Webster's rule by which he omits one l in traveler, &c. But the dictionary published by these gentlemen says, "This form" (omitting one I) "is agreeable to the general analogy of the language; and it only wants the sanction of the prevailing usage to render it the preferable authority." 3. The reviewer disfavors the omission of k in physick, musick, &c., and u in favour, honour, &c. saying they have "been gradually dropped \* \* though probably without good reason." The dictionaries published by the gentlemen circulating these strictures follow Dr. Webster in dropping thus the u and k; an important and highly convenient modification, the general adoption of which in this country has been secured almost entirely by Webster's system.

We might press this comparison in other particulars, showing that the strictures by which these publishers are striving to prejudice Webster, to their own advantage, militate

equally, in various particulars, against their own works.

Why is it, that, in these interested assaults, no attempt at an argument is made against the acknowledged superiority of the defining department of Webster's Dictionary,—that department in which the value of a dictionary chiefly consists? Is not Webster's preëminence as a definer thus tacitly conceded? If not, why this exclusive and perpetual harping on his orthographical changes and restorations,—changes, which, according to the reviewer, only affect eighty words in eighty thousand?

We close our notice with the inquiry, Is the spirit which prompted this review of Webster's system that from which we are to look for honest and valid criticism? Are the motives which thus induce to its zealous circulation justifiable and praiseworthy?

We will not keep the reader longer from the Reply, which, we are authorized to say, is from the pen of EPES SARGENT, Esq., of Boston.

JUNE, 1856.

<sup>\*</sup> Author of the Standard Speaker, the new and popular Standard Series of Readers, the Standard Speller, &c.

# REPLY

TO

### A REVIEW OF WEBSTER'S SYSTEM.

The Democratic Review for March contains several pages of somewhat bitter animadversion on the orthography of Noah Webster. A tone of disparagement is assumed towards this eminent man, which neither the force of the Reviewer's objections, nor his display of philological qualification, appears to warrant. He who would "judge the judges" might be expected to bring to his self-imposed task some little acquaintance with the law. Whether our Reviewer's expressions of contempt for an illustrious and venerable name proceed from superior knowledge, or from the temerity of ignorance and ill-will,

we propose to put it in the reader's power to decide.

The English language being derived from various and discordant sources, its orthography was for a long period confused and unsettled. Even later than the time of Cromwell, every man might be said to be "his own speller." Gradually, however, during the last two hundred years, our language has been undergoing a process of simplification. It has been working out important analogies, and tending steadily towards increased uniformity. But this progress, like that of civil liberty in England, has never been regular or systematic. Every gain has been made at the expense of much remaining irregularity; and there have always been persons ready to object to all reforms on this account.

In the last century, for example, when men grew weary of writing fabrick, musick, stoick, physick, etc., and began to drop the k, the cry of "innovation" and "inconsistency" was loudly raised. Johnson condemned the change as a gross corruption of our language; and one of the "reviewers" of the day, undertook to overwhelm it with ridicule by framing sentences like the following: "Dic gave Jac a kic, when Jac gave Dic a knoc on the face with a

thic stic."

In like manner, when the u was first omitted in such words as authour, governour, mediatour, etc., (for nearly every word of this kind came with a u into our language from the French,) there was a similar outcry against those who ventured on the change. Dr. Webster was denounced throughout our country for adopting these "monstrous innovations." So far was the feeling carried in respect to the letter k (which had so long figured as a supernumerary in a large class of words) that two of Roscoe's works — Lorenzo di Medici, and Leo the Tenth — which had been printed by the author in England with the new spelling, were actually altered in 1803-5 throughout the whole eight volumes, by the Philadelphia publisher, who restored the k in every word where it had been omitted!

This "clutter of superfluous" letters has at last been swept away; and we may ask, Is there a man in the United States who doubts the expediency of these changes? We had not imagined that such an individual could be found; but it seems there is one, and that man is our Reviewer. Whether another exists in our country, remains to be determined. But this Reviewer tells us in plain terms that these changes were made "probably without good reason"! Now, we submit it to the reader, whether it is possible for such a man to be a fair critic in a case like this. One whose mind is so shut in by an ultra conservatism is totally disqualified for taking large and liberal views of such a subject. His real feeling is, (and this is the principle which underlies all his objections,) "Do nothing unless you can do every thing." This it is which leads him, the moment any case is mentioned where a change in a few words would make an analogy complete, to look out for some other and more remote case, and bring the charge of inconsistency because the change is not proposed there also!

Opposition like this would have been quite as justifiable in the days of Henry the Eighth or of Queen Elizabeth as at present; and if such objections had then prevailed, we should now be writing, with our ancestors of those days, fygge, schyppe, schmalle, onely, aire, uprore, sunne, veruy, etc. It is because the public paid no regard to such objections, that we have been steadily advancing towards greater simplicity and uniformity in our spelling. Men saw that the resort to such objections was mere evasion—a changing of the issue for the sake of finding fault. We shall endeavor to show that nearly all that the Reviewer has said is of this character, intermingled with bold assertions, and expressions of contempt towards Dr. Webster, such as we rarely meet with at the present day in the pages of a scholar and a gentleman.

Our distinguished countryman is represented as "priding himself most on what he was least fitted for;" as "every way unequal to his task;" as "aspiring to a Newtonian law that would reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies;" as, "with all his plodding," not being able "to hit upon the really weak points of the language." Intimations against his good faith are also thrown out.

It is unnecessary to reply to aspersions like these. The fame of Noah Webster is in the keeping of the nation, beyond the reach of cavil and question. Born in 1758, he graduated at Yale College in 1778, and entered upon those philological studies which he prosecuted to a late period of his life. In his Spelling Book, published in 1785, he made an important reform in the syllabication of words - a reform which may now be found adopted in nine tenths of the English dictionaries and spelling books in use. In his Grammar, published about the same time, he proposed new rules for the use of the subjunctive mood; and these have now the force of grammatical law, as well in England as in the United States. In 1789 Franklin wrote to him, "I can not but applaud your zeal for preserving the purity of our language." In 1807 Webster commenced the great work of his life - his "American Dictionary of the English Language." His labors on this work extended to the year 1825, a period of eighteen years. They were years of unintermitted study and research. Several of them he devoted to an examination of the vocabularies of twenty of the principal languages of the world, with a view to tracing the genealogies and affinities of words. Eight months he passed at the University of Cambridge, in England, where he had free access to the libraries. He spent some time in Paris, always intent on his great work; and he afterwards visited London and the principal cities of Great Britain, to satisfy himself more thoroughly as to the existing state of the English language and pronunciation in that country. He at length returned home, and at the age of seventy brought his life-long labors to a close with the publication of his Dictionary.

Such were the qualifications, the self-sacrificing zeal, the faithful career of a man, of whom it is now said, "He was every way unequal to his task." The charge that he aspired to a "Newtonian law" which should reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies, is a mere impertinence. No man was better aware of the impossibility of any such law, applied to a composite language like the English. In his Latroduction he says, "It is important that the same written words and the same oral sounds, to express the same ideas, should be used by the whole nation. When any man, therefore, attempts to change the established orthography or pronunciation, except to correct palpable errors and produce uniformity, by recalling wanderers into the pale of regular analogies, he offers an indignity to the nation." Again he says, "In many cases, when a false orthography has been long established, I have noticed the fact, without making any alteration in the common spelling." Is this the language of one whose rules are "bare assertions of his opinions," and who hoped to "reconcile all orthographical inconsistencies"?

The amplitude of Webster's vocabulary is regarded by common people as adding to its value; but in this the Reviewer finds new cause for a supercilious depreciation of the "plodding" lexicographer; quoting the following words from Webster's Dictionary, as suggesting a doubt whether its value

"increases in the direct ratio of its voluminousness":-

irremovability irrepealability irrenowned irremovably irrepealableness irreparable irreparable irreparable irreparable irreparable irreparable irreparable irreparableness irremoval irrepealably

Of these words, some are used by Shakspeare, Milton, and Spenser; and the majority of them are in every good dictionary of modern date, including Smart's and Reid's. All but three of them — the first, seventh, and tenth — may be found in another American dictionary, which, if we mistake not, has met with great favor in our Reviewer's eyes, and the publishers of which have been busily giving circulation to his defamation of Webster. If the scrutiny of the critic had been directed to the vocabulary of the competing lexicographer whose publishers have been thus engaged, he might have detected the following choice words, not one of which can be found in Webster's Dictionary:—

cocknefy sapientize squeezable thundery dandify scranky dandyize scribblement transmogrification dirt pie scriggle unindifferency fiddlefaddler scrimption unleisuredness jiggumbob shopocracy wegotism pish-pash soberize weism

What precious contributions have we here to the "well of English undefiled"! What purity and legitimacy, contrasted with the character of those words quoted against Webster, as "recruits from all creditable and discreditable sources"!

Let us now examine some of the Reviewer's orthographical objections.

I. The word woe. Webster gives this as the true spelling; so do Smart, Reid, Worcester, and other lexicographers. The word is so spelled by the translators of the Bible, by Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and by Wordsworth, the most accurate of the English poets. It is the prevalent spelling both in England and this country. Webster states a simple fact, and deduces its reason: "Woe takes the final e, like doe, foe, hoe, sloe, toe, and all similar nouns of one syllable." The other parts of speech reject the e. The word in question, being a noun, should take it, making the analogy without exception. But

our Reviewer magisterially exclaims, "Webster's reason is entirely arbitrary." Arbitrary? It is, in fact, one of the strongest of all reasons in a question of language, namely, a complete analogy; and the Reviewer's comment is mere ignorant assertion. However, he kindly assures us that "this is a small matter." It certainly is so; and there are other specimens of his criticism quite

as "small," if not smaller, in store for the reader.

II. The words mold and molt. A pretty large class of monosyllables, bound together by having the long sound of o, as bolt, bold, etc., had an old form, as gould, bould, ould, tould, in which the u was finally dropped. There seemed an equally good reason for dropping the u in the two remaining words of the class, namely, mould and moult. Indeed this was done by Spenser, South, and many other old English writers. There is also an etymological reason for the omission of the u. The Reviewer turns off to port and fort, a totally different class of words, and gives it as his simple assertion, that court ought to be made like them by dropping the u, if we are to admit Webster's reasons for mold and molt. But port and fort never had a u; and no similar reason exists for a change, at the same time that all etymological reasons are against it. Here is one of those cases of changing the issue, in which the Re-

viewer exhibits a sort of harlequin dexterity.

III. Defense, offense, pretense, etc. Nouns of this kind are of two classes. First, a number in ence from Latin nouns in tia, as sentence from sententia; reverence from reverentia; confidence from confidentia, etc., which have their derivatives in t, as sententious, etc. Second, a small class of five or six words only, like expense, etc., derived from Latin nouns, perfect participles, or verbs. These have their derivatives in s. They stand thus according to Johnson: expense from expensum; defence from defensio; offence from offensa; pretence from prætensus; suspense from suspensus; recompense from recompenso. This latter class of words, although thus differing from the preceding class, came into our language with the spelling ence. Expence and recompence were spelled with a c from the time of Chaucer through all the versions of the Bible down to Bailey's Dictionary, in the middle of the last century. Licence was also spelled with a c. But a separation now commenced; and Johnson wrote expense, recompense, suspense, and license with an s. It was unfortunate that he did so in license, because this word properly belongs to the first of the two classes, being derived from licentia, and hence some of its derivatives have the t, as licentious. But this word can not be recalled. As to expense, recompense, etc., no one ever doubted that Johnson was right. But if he was right, Webster says he ought to have added the other three words of this class, all being derived from words in s, and all having their derivatives spelled with an s. How does the Reviewer meet this plain argument? By the following series of evasions:-

Evasion first. He flourishes before us the fact that license has derivatives in both the forms, namely, s and t. Be it so. What does this prove, as to the point before us? The words in question (defense, offense, etc.) are unlike license in this respect: they have only one form, and that the same with expense. And does it therefore follow that they should be spelled differently from expense? The true inference (if there is any) from the Reviewer's premises is this: that license should reassume the c, like sentence, because its derivatives are a majority of them in t, as licentious. But what kind of logic is it which insists that license should retain the s, (while thus differing from expense as to derivatives,) but that defense, offense, pretense, should not take the s, like expense, while they perfectly agree with it in respect to the very point brought forward by the Reviewer!

Evasion second. The Reviewer asks, with an affectation of surprise, "What

does Webster mean by saying that pretence, offence, defence, are the only three words that remain, terminating in ence?" The context will show that Webster never said any thing of this kind, in the broad, unqualified terms here imputed to him; but that he is speaking of the second class of words mentioned above, derived from words in s. These three words are all that remain in that What he says is, those words which thus remain ought to take the s, in common with expense and recompense, etc. The Reviewer utterly misrepresents him, as though Webster was speaking with reference to the other class. Is it possible that the Reviewer could have innocently misconceived a meaning so obvious?

Evasion third. The Reviewer says, in regard to conforming primitives to derivatives, "If this rule has any force, it must be general in its application." Now, Webster never laid it down as a rule; and here is another attempt to misrepresent him. It is a great convenience to have primitives and derivatives conformed in their spelling; but surely Webster's endeavor to produce this uniformity in a few proper instances is not fairly liable to so sweeping a misconstruction. No general "rule" can be deduced, either from Webster's practice or principles, on this subject; he simply shows that this conformity is to be studied and secured when it can be conveniently done. He found the words catechise and exorcise spelled with an s by Walker, Jameson, Knowles, Todd, and the majority of lexicographers. In this case, the words conformed to their derivatives, - catechist, exorcism, etc., - although they departed from Webster's general rule as to verbs from the Greek izo. He allowed them to remain as exceptions, in consideration of the other advantage gained. But he found baptize spelled by Johnson, Walker, and others, with a z; and, notwithstanding the derivatives of this word require an s, the argument of usage and of conformity with the Greek baptizo was sufficient to induce him to attempt no change. All that he has done, therefore, has been to let catechise, exorcise, and baptize retain the form which the leading lexicographers had given to Webster's general rule was this: "Verbs from the Greek izo, and others formed in analogy with them, have the termination in ize, as baptize, legalize." Mark the unjustifiable construction which the Reviewer gives to this simple statement. "The assertion," he says, "that baptize and legalize are derived directly from the Greek needs confirmation." He would make it appear that Webster is chargeable with the blunder of deriving legalize directly from the Greek! Here we have - first, an attempt to prove inconsistency against Webster, in departing from a rule which he never laid down or admitted; and secondly, an attempt to prove a blunder against him, which no ingenuity can extort from the plain meaning of his words. What shall we say of the candor of the critic who resorts to subterfuges like these?

Evasion fourth. This has reference to fence, as derived from fend. Now, the words which Webster proposed to change are all derived, according to Johnson, directly from a noun, participle, or verb, containing an s; and so their derivatives were in s. But fence, according to the Reviewer's own showing, is not derived from a verb containing an s, and its derivatives are not in s. Therefore, as stated by Webster, it does not fall under the same category with the words in question. All that the Reviewer has said about it, therefore, is

mere wasion.

While under this head, we may make a remark on the word pretensed, in respect to which our Reviewer talks in an ex cathedra style, and says, "Rule it out"! He more than insinuates that Webster was guilty of an imposture in admitting it, and that he did so in order to favor his own views in regard to the spelling of derivatives. "What sort of modern English word is pretensed?" asks our critic; "Webster cites the encyclopædia. What encyclopædia?"

The critic is not to be taken in — not he — by a sham word. Well, we refer him to any respectable dictionary of modern date for the satisfaction of his sagacious doubts. In Todd's Johnson he will find, "Pretensed, (prætensus, Lat.,) pretended, feigned. Pretensed right is a term of law. — Stapleton." If Todd is too modern, we refer the critic to Bailey, or to Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic Words. If these are too ancient, we refer him to Smart's Abridged London Dictionary, (1854,) or to Alexander Reid's Edinburgh Dictionary for Schools, (republished by the Messrs. Appleton, New York.) By the critic's leave we will, therefore, rule back the word pretensed. It is a matter of little consequence, except as showing the ignorance of the man who undertakes to put down Dr. Webster for his ignorance. But there is one word, pretentious, (from the French pretentieux,) which Webster, it seems, has omitted. This he has done, in common with the authorities cited above, and all the standard lexicographers. We are sorry for it. The critic's own style is a proof that

the epithet may be sometimes convenient and apt.

IV. The words dullness, fullness, etc. The Reviewer suggests that "as dulness should be written dullness because its primitive is written dull, skilful should be written skillfull to 'complete the analogy' with stiffness." Walker, in his Introduction to his Rhyming Dictionary, Aphorism VII., instances the following words, namely: smalness, talness, chilness, dulness, fulness, as spelled according to the mode then prevalent, and pertinently asks, "Since there is no hope of restoring the lost l to these words, why should we write illness, fellness, shrillness, and stillness, unless we are determined to have no rule for our orthography, good or bad?" But the good sense of the public came to the rescue, and the l was restored to smallness, tallness, and chillness. Why not then to dullness and fullness? It was in this connection that Webster, in No. 6 of his rules, gave his verdict for dullness and fullness. How does the Reviewer meet the combined authority and arguments of Webster and Walker? Why, after his old fashion of evasion. He tells us that under Webster's principle, we ought to write "skillfull." Now, every child knows, that ful (though derived from full) has become a regular English formative, as much as ly, (from lic, like,) in wisely, likely, etc. It by no means follows, because the spelling of the primitive skill ought to be retained in skillful that, therefore, the affix ful ought not to have its legitimate contracted form. As well might it be said, that in the derivative likely, because we retain the whole of the primitive in the first syllable, the formative ly ought also to take the form of like, making the word like-like. With regard to the affixes less and ness, Webster himself says that one s in these syllables is useless; but as there is no irregularity in the spelling of them in the large number of words to which they are attached, we may certainly accept the formative ful as it exists, and at the same time omit to strike out the superfluous s in ness, without inconsistency. A man may consistently adopt one reform which he finds already in vogue, even though he may not think it expedient to venture upon another for which the public is unprepared. The Reviewer has here not only shifted the issue, but exhibited his ignorance of one of the commonest laws regulating the formation of English words.

V. Words like traveler, worshiper, etc. We come now to the most extensive class of words affected by the rules adopted by Webster. The following rule, laid down by Lowth and other grammarians, is one of the best established

in English orthography: -

"All words of more than one syllable, ending with one consonant preceded by one vowel, and accented on the last syllable, always double that consonant on adding ed, eth, ing, etc. But if such words are not accented on the last syllable, they do not double the last consonant. Examples: (Case first,) Allot,

allotted, allotting; (Case second,) reason, reasoned, reasoning; worship, worshiped, worshiping."

Of the doubling of the p, as in worshipping, and of the l, as in counselling, Lowth says it is a "fault in the spelling, which neither analogy nor pronuncia-

tion justifies."

From inattention to this rule we have such inconsistencies as novelist with one l, and duellist with two; bigotted, rivetted, etc., with two t's; and pocketed, limited, etc., with one. Indeed the exceptions to the rule have been so purely arbitrary and capricious, that the same writer would double the unaccented consonant at one time, and omit to do it at another. The exceptions might be indefinitely extended at the whim of any one; for no one could decide what the best usage really was in regard to many of the words.

Walker says: "An ignorance of this rule has led many to write bigotted for bigoted, etc., and from this spelling has frequently arisen a false pronunciation; but no letter seems to be more frequently doubled improperly than l. Why we should write libelling, levelling, revelling, and yet offering, suffering,

reasoning, I am totally at a loss to determine."

Perry, Ash, and other English writers expressed themselves in favor of Lowth's rule, and Perry introduced it to a great extent in his dictionary. Among American writers, Worcester says, "It evidently better accords with the analogy of the language." And he adds, "This form (traveling, etc.) only wants the sanction of prevailing usage to render it the preferable orthography."

Mr. C. Vines, author of "The Dictionary Appendix," (London, 1854,) adopts Webster's reform, and says of the "deviations" condemned by Lowth, "They are liberties that ought not to be sanctioned, being directly opposed to orthographical rule and to proper accentuation—they are deviations without a reason.

\* \* All consistent writers should give their decided

opposition to this devious current in orthography."

Webster simply carried out the recommendations of Lowth, Walker, Perry, and other authorities. Since the appearance of the revised edition of Webster's Dictionary in 1847, the American public have taken up the reform in the spirit of men who mean to see it through. Editors and publishers who follow Webster in nothing else, take a strong hold here. Practical printers, compositors, and proof readers,—a class exercising great influence in introducing improvements in orthography,—despairing of keeping in the memory the many arbitrary deviations from a general rule, find the importance of carrying out so broad an analogy as this. It is prevailing every where with a rapidity wholly unexpected by the warmest Websterian.

But how has the Reviewer met the argument of Lowth and Walker? What has he said to invalidate the force of their reasons, or to show that Lowth's rule, recommended by Webster, should not be at once adopted in our orthography? Not a syllable! He darts off to another subject, and seeks to find fault with Webster as "inconsistent," because he does not bring certain other words under the same rule. Now, this applies as much to Lowth and Walker as it does to Webster; but the Reviewer says nothing about them. His abuse is directed solely against the American lexicographer, as if he alone

was responsible for whatever difficulties may exist in the case.

We have already intimated that in every stage of improvement in our spelling, there will arise some point of difficulty. It is impossible to do every thing at once. The good sense of the English race has kept them from attempting it, and at the same time has led them to go on widening their analogies, even though there might be a point where some inconsistency, real or apparent, would occur. The inconsistencies in the old spelling were, in

many instances, far greater than in the reformed. In the present case there is a class of words, like tranquillity, which do not fall properly under Lowth's rule. This rule relates, as all know, to English formatives. Take now the word tranquillity. We have no English formative here. The word is not made up of tranquil and ity; it is directly derived from the Latin tranquillitas. So we have civility from civilitas; frugality from frugalitas; while legality, according to Todd's Johnson, is from the French legalité. From the Latin cancello we have cancellatus, cancellatio; and from these the English words cancellate, cancellated, cancellation. So also we have the Latin word lamella, from which Dr. Webster deduces the English word lamel, and through this, going back to lamella, he derives lamellar and the other derivatives. We have the same kind of warrant for crystallography, crystalline, metallurgy, etc. So also for chancellor. Every body knows that this word is not compounded of the English word chancel, with the formative or. So also in regard to chapellany, now an obsolete word. It is not a compound of chapel and any, but derived from capellanus, a Latin term of the middle ages. In regard to excellence: this word is not formed from the English word excel, and ence as a formative, but directly from the Latin excellentia. So of excellent. Now, in respect to all these words, one thing is certain: they do not fall under Lowth's rule - they are not English derivatives. But how does the Reviewer turn aside from the real question? What room does he here find for cavil? Let us see.

Evasion first. Webster has confined the rule to English formatives. This was plainly the whole intent of his observations under rule No. 3, as quoted by the Reviewer. Webster very briefly alludes to the other class of words, as derived directly from the Latin and Greek—his plain and sole object being to show that they did not come from the English. The Reviewer has laid hold of the word "directly," to give us the important information that the word chancellor came into our language through the French from the Latin, and not directly from the Latin, and so to raise a shout of victory over Webster's selfcontradiction. He also gives us, in his style of delicate humor, the additional information that Webster's "great-grandfather was not there when the word was adopted"! But what has all this to do with the real question at issue that respecting Lowth's rule, or the propriety of its being established as recommended by Webster? The Reviewer resorts to his old game. He dodges the real issue, draws off the reader's attention to a new side-issue, and quibbles because Webster, in his necessarily brief rule, did not (as he does under the proper head in his Dictionary) trace the pedigree of chancellor through the French chancelier to cancellarius, but made mention of the Latin original only! The attempt to fix upon Webster "inferentially" the absurd rule, that "words directly derived always retain the  $\mathcal{U}$  of their originals," falls with the rest of these frivolous charges. Emboldened by practice, the Reviewer seems now to have attained a facility in his "changes of the issue" which Herr Alexander might envy.

Evasion second. The Reviewer endeavors to mystify the subject by charging Webster with doing something wholly "arbitrary" in dividing the words shaveling and starveling into two syllables, while he divides shoveling and traveling into three. He says, "Webster ordains" this; and also, "Here then is arbitrary rule the second in direct conflict with arbitrary rule the first." Let us see. Shave is a word of one syllable, and ling an English formative of another syllable. Is there any thing "arbitrary" in making them, when united, a word of two syllables? All the lexicographers have done the same, and what else could be made of such a compound? On the other hand, shovel and travel are words of two syllables. Is there any thing "arbitrary" in

making them words of three syllables, when the formative ing is added? What else could Webster possibly make them? The intentional point of the Reviewer's evasion seems to be this: that the formative termination is the same in these two classes of words! Unless this is admitted, there is plainly not a shadow of pretense for the objection made. Now, we put the question: Did the Reviewer believe when he wrote this, that the words shaveling and shoveling have the same formative termination? If he did believe it, he is too ignorant as to the structure of our language to justify his meddling. He has put himself hors du combat on such a subject. If he did not believe it, if he knew better, then has he used false reasoning in order to bring reproach on Webster.

There is no escape from this dilemma.

Evasion third. This is of the same nature with the preceding. The Reviewer gives gravel as the primitive, and gravelly under it, as a case in which Webster is inconsistent in doubling the l. Now, in the adjective gravelly, the formative termination is not y, but ly, being an abbreviation of lic, (like,) and denoting gravel-like. Webster is therefore consistent in writing gravelly with two l's, as he is in writing woolly with two, and woolen with one. We again put the question: Did the Reviewer know that ly was the formative? If he did not know, his ignorance of a fact familiar to schoolboys is somewhat remarkable in one who undertakes to pronounce magisterially on the qualifications of Dr. Webster. If he did know, then has he endeavored to mislead his readers and produce an injurious impression, by wantonly false

reasoning.

VI. Words in er, like theater, etc. In judging of the propriety of Webster's proposed mode of spelling these words, one should be fully aware to how wide an extent the French form of re prevailed in the time of Chaucer, and even much later, in our early versions of the Bible. Not only such words as chamber, cider, tiger, enter, fever, tender, charter, number, etc., once written chambre, cidre, tigre, entre, fever, tendre, etc., had the French form, but it was even applied to words of Saxon origin, out of deference to the fashion of the court. Hence we find mordre and murthre for murder, and other cases of the same kind. But the English form rapidly prevailed. It is idle to say, as the Reviewer has done, that "re is as consistent with any admitted or fixed principle of English orthography as er." Every schoolboy knows better than this. Our English ancestors who reversed the form knew better. How, then, has the Reviewer met Webster's argument from this steady tendency towards the termination er? By still

Another evasion. He turns off, as usual, to a side issue, at the same time adopting a contumelious tone. Adverting to Webster's remark, that some fifteen or twenty words, with their derivatives, had retained the spelling in re, he takes airs upon himself in the following characteristic manner: "The reason why these fifteen or twenty words retain their original termination, and why Webster should have let them alone, is obvious to every one but himself, (!)

namely, that their derivatives required it."

Let us look for a moment at this instance of Noah Webster's stupidity. All the world, it seems, knew (though he did not) that if we write theater, luster, etc., we must carry the e into their derivatives, and write theaterical, lusterous, etc. Indeed? Why, then, have all the world changed wondre into wonder, while they yet write wondrous, and not wonderous? Why have they changed monstre into monsterous, while they still write monstrous, and not monsterous? Why have they changed entre into enter, and yet been so stupid as to write entrance? Why have they changed disastre into disaster, and yet written disastrous, and not disasterous? The fact is, the Reviewer has supposed a rule on this subject which does not exist, namely, that if a word ends in er, and

has a formative, the e must enter into the formative. But we have numerous cases in which words ending in er, or, etc., do not retain the vowel in composition; as, for example, huntress from hunter, actress from actor, ancestress from ancestor, and a multitude of others. We could go on, adducing case after case directly in the teeth of our critic's principle. And yet this is the man who affects such contempt for Dr. Webster as to say he was ignorant of what

every one but himself knew!

The Reviewer talks as though he supposed Webster was the only lexicographer who had ever put these fifteen or twenty words into a dictionary with the termination er. But this was done more than two centuries ago, by John Minsheu, in his great folio dictionary, entitled, "The Guide to Tongues." In this work, printed in the year 1617, the words in question are reduced to the English spelling in er, and this was also done in a number of dictionaries of foreign languages, about the same period. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, did the same in his "New World of English Words," in 1658. Sepulcher, theater, miter, etc., was the general spelling of the dictionaries of that day. It is a somewhat curious fact, that the word scepter came into our language from the first with the spelling ter, while almost every other word of the kind took the French form. In Wickliffe's Bible it was spelled cepter, and it retained its termination in er through all the versions to that of King James, inclusive; nor was it altered therein until a comparatively late period. Even Bailey gives scepter as the only proper spelling, while many of the other words stand in his pages in the same double form as in Webster's. The influence of French literature, after the restoration of Charles the Second, brought back the French form, which was adopted by Johnson. At the present day German literature is becoming more and more familiar to the English eye, and with it the Teutonic spelling in er, which belongs equally to the genius of that language and of ours.

The Reviewer exultingly produces the word ogre, as a "contradiction." This word came into our lauguage from the East through the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and was so purely a foreign word as hardly to justify a

change.

With regard to acre, massacre, and lucre, which are necessary exceptions, because of the liability of c before c to be pronounced like s, if this is an objection to theater, etc., where there is no such liability, it is equally an objection to cider, tender, etc. Shall we do nothing because we can not do every thing?

We may remark, while on this subject, that the derivatives of center, etc., proceed much more conveniently from the English form than from the French. Under the latter, we have such awkward derivatives as centred, sceptred, sepulchred, reconnoitring, etc. — words which are certainly more likely to be misunderstood and mispronounced than centered, sceptered, sepulchered, reconnoitering, etc. Milton and Pope seem to have been aware of this, and wrote sceptered, centered, etc. Sir Isaac Newton, Camden, Selden, and many of their contemporaries wrote center, scepter, etc. We have changed diametre to diameter to diam

eter. Why should we not write meter as well?

VII. Foretell, fulfill, distill, instill. The Reviewer gives as Webster's reason for this mode of spelling, that "the derivatives require the double ll." "Then, certainly," adds the Reviewer, "forget, submit, begin, refer, concur, repel, and so on, should be written forgett, submitt" etc. Here, by suppressing a portion of Webster's larguage, an erroneous impression is conveyed. The reason for the spelling is given in the following passage, which the critic ignores: "These words retain the ll of their primitives." And to show what primitives he means, Webster adds, "In this case it is only necessary to remember the rule, that the spelling of the original words tell, still, fill, is retained in all the

derivatives." But what English primitives are there, ending in a double consonant, which bear the same relation to forget, submit, etc., that tell, still, and fill, do to foretell, fulfill, distill, instill? The two cases are not analogous, and we have here another misrepresentation of Webster's actual language.

VIII. "Practise, the verb, should be spelled practice, because the noun is so spelled. Drought should be spelled drouth, because it is extensively so pronounced. Height should be spelled hight, because it was so spelled by Milton. Ton should be spelled tun, and molasses, melasses, because that spelling is more consistent with the etymologies. Contemporary should be spelled cotemporary, because it is more easily pronounced. Plough should be spelled plow, because that spelling more naturally represents the sound." These are not Webster's reasons, but the critic's disingenuous abstract of them. In regard to practise, Webster's "because" is clear and conclusive; the critic makes it weak and ridiculous. Webster says, "The distinction in spelling between the noun and the verb properly belongs only to words which are accented on the last syllable, as device and devise, where the verb has the sound of ize. The spelling practise tends to give it the same sound." He might have added, that the pronunciation being alike in noun and verb, persons who try to observe the distinction in writing are often puzzled to recollect which ought to have the c and which the s. By abolishing the unnecessary and misleading distinction, Webster has established a genuine reform.

Webster gives both drought and drouth. Under the former, he says, "The spelling drought is after the Belgic dialect; but the regular word, drouth or

drowth, is still considerably used."

Webster approves hight because it is desirable that the noun should be thus regularly formed from the adjective high. If Milton (who wrote highth) may not be quoted in favor of the simpler form, because he wrote ruine, onely, etc., then Johnson ought not to be quoted as authority for any word, inasmuch

as he wrote physick, honour, etc.

Tun is so spelled by Todd, Walker, Smart, Reid, and many other lexicographers. Both forms (ton and tun) are given by Webster. Melasses is given by Webster as the etymological spelling; molasses as that which usage has sanctioned. The word is defined only under the latter form; and in Webster's smaller Dictionaries melasses is not to be found.

Usage has long been equally divided between contemporary and cotemporary. They are both allowed by Johnson. Webster favors the latter form because it is more easily pronounced. But both spellings are found in their places.

Plow is a restoration of what was the original and preferable spelling. The termination ow has this advantage over ough: the latter has five different sounds, the former only two. Plow, plowman are the spelling of the English Bible in the day of King James to that of the last issue from the Oxford press. By spelling plow instead of plough we get rid of two superfluous letters. It is an economical change. In the United States it is rapidly prevailing.

Those tendencies which Webster saw in our language to greater simplicity and broader analogies, are set down by our critic as such as "it would puzzle any other philologist to discover." Yet this writer, so lavish in his charges of inconsistency and "reciprocal contradiction," has previously said, of the period between Johnson's and Webster's day, that "orthography was in a state of progress." Then what sort of progress was it? A progress to less simplicity and narrower analogies?

After telling us that "Webster, with all his plodding, could not hit upon the really weak points of the language," the Reviewer undertakes to enlighten us

as to what really are some of the weak points. We need give but one specimen of his qualifications. He tells us that "episode and epitome have the same etymology, yet one has three syllables and the other four." He might with just as much propriety say that recipe and reside, or that chalk and cheese, have "the same etymology." Epitome is from the same word  $(\frac{1}{6}\pi\iota\iota\iota\iota\mu\dot{\eta})$  in Greek, the final vowel being eta, and sufficiently indicating that the word has four syllables. Episode is from epeisodion,  $(\frac{1}{6}\pi\iota\iota\iota\iota\iota\dot{\eta})$  and by the natural law of formation takes but three syllables. And yet this is the man who talks of Webster's "tampering with the language," and who throws out intimations

against the "genuineness of his etymologies."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this subject farther. The Reviewer says, that "Webster's much-vaunted reform is limited to about eighty words in a Dictionary containing eighty thousand words; being the proportion of one to a thousand." At one moment we have a sneer at Webster's "radicalism" and his "Newtonian law," and the next at his conservatism, and the insignificant number of his changes. We have seen that there is not one of Webster's rules, stigmatized as "arbitrary rules of his own creation" by the Reviewer, for which Webster did not produce ample authority in the past, and for which he did not give philosophical rasons. We have seen that in no one instance has ".e Reviewer established his comrge that these rules "are ridiculous from their reciprocal contradictions." We have seen that in respect to the rule covering most of Webster's changes, (that regulating such words as traveling, worshiping, etc.,) so far from venturing upon an "arbitrary rule," Webster simply protested against an arbitrary departure from rule. We have seen that the vague sneers at Webster's "ignorance" recoil with fatal precision, transformed into unequivocal proofs, on their utterer. We have seen that the critic's super ciliousness becomes simply absurd, when we put his right of judgment to the test. If there is ever a show of speciousness in his objections, it is on the surface merely. It will not bear the probe.

It is easy, by garbling and misquoting language, to impart an appearance of inconsistency to rules which the entire context would explain. It is easy, by arguments thus based on premises made to suit the objection, and by the cheap rhetoric of sneers, to play the sagacious critic, and create a distrust of the truth. It is easy to assail a well-earned reputation; to represent a self-sacrificing diligence as mere "plodding," and to stigmatize as "assumption" that conscious mastery of a subject gained by years of exclusive study and devotion; but we have no fear that the fame of Noah Webster will be affected by such attacks. It has gone on increasing from year to year, wherever the English language is spoken. It illumines the first gropings in knowledge of many millions of children. It has received from the cumulative testimony of the first intellects of the age continual accessions of strength and honor. It has dignified American scholarship, and made American authority in the republic of letters more felt and respected. It is imperishably associated with the English language, and

with the glory of the American people.

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WITH the present number, thirteen annual volumes of the "Monthly Religious Magazine" are completed. By referring back to the earlier issues, it can be seen what changes have taken place in its dimensions and appearance. From time to time, the publisher, at his own motion, has enlarged and otherwise improved it, till a single number of the current year contains considerably more than double the amount of matter in a number of the year 1844. Since the volume now closing was subscribed for, he has been authorized by a generous patronage to gratuitously enlarge the Journal by one-sixth of its present size. It is his intention to offer it next year in new type, and otherwise to oblige its supporters to the best of his ability. Its conductors are grateful for the constant support and encouragement extended to it. The subscription-list has lately received large additions, and is all that could be desired in its character.

The present editor has been connected with the Magazine during the whole period of its existence; and, for the greater part of the time, has had the sole responsibility. How long

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this connection will continue must depend much on the extent to which he is enabled to realize in it his conception of what such a journal should be. In the character of a religious periodical at this age of the world, as in the character of an individual, there ought to be a steady and perceptible advance. Unless it can be conformed to this imperative law of progress, it had better cease to be. Liberal as the patronage of the "Monthly" has been, the editor is by no means satisfied with its merits. Various circumstances have abridged them far beyond his wishes. He believes, that, in future, some of the difficulties can be overcome; and he is willing that the contents of the present number should be taken as an earnest of the future. Arrangements have been made for the coming year, which seem to promise a good supply of fresh articles, - partly from old friends, and partly from writers whose interest has been more recently enlisted, and whose scholarship and taste are respected beyond the seat of learning with which their literary reputation is especially associated. It is hoped that these pages, by vigorous and vital contributions, will thus deserve the respect of thinking people, and minister more efficiently to a pure moral culture and a deep religious life. For a statement of the particular objects contemplated, the reader is referred to the Prospectus on another page. Articles that present earnest thoughts and feelings for the help of a spiritual growth — through notices of the faithful lives of believers, of quickening books, of significant events, movements, and tendencies in the

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